

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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THE RAIDERS WHO CAME BY NIGHT

SCALING THE WALL BY NIGHT CLEVERNESS OF THE FRONTIER MEN

Tribal Raiders on the Edge of Civilisation

ONE OF THE PROBLEMS OF INDIA

The Indian Legislative Assembly at Delhi has been discussing very earnestly the question of the defence of India on the North-West Frontier—a war question that is never quite at rest, and one, therefore, which all British as well as Indian people should bear in mind.

At various times defences against Russia and against Afghanistan have been considered, but for the time being the only disturbers are hill tribes living in the mountains between the Indian and Afghan frontiers. They have always been troublesome at short intervals, for they love fighting for its own sake and for the pillage it sometimes makes possible.

Wild Frontier Tribes

Lately, we have been hearing from time to time of armed raids against the Mahsuds, the Waziris, and the Afridis—all tribes between the main frontiers.

Three ways of checking the descent of the hillmen on India have been considered. One is that the British and Indian Governments should withdraw to the line of the River Indus, and there check any attempt of invaders to cross the river. But that involves leaving a part of the Indian Plain defenceless against the mountain marauders, a cowardly course which Indians would oppose as strongly as the British oppose it.

Another plan is to push our frontier right up to the Afghan frontier, leave no independent tribes, and keep order with British soldiers. This would be a very expensive plan, with certainty of frequent fighting, and a possibility of many disagreeable incidents with the Afghans.

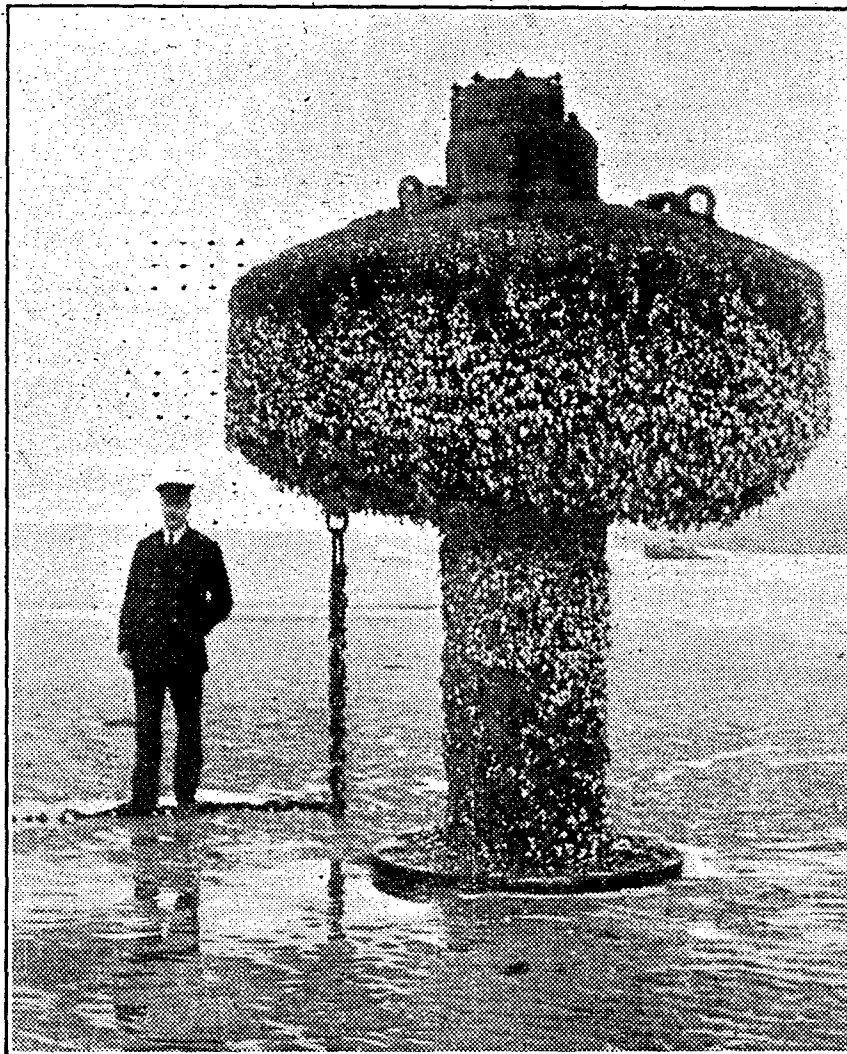
Raids and Counter-raids

The plan followed is the garrisoning of the roads through the hills by paid native volunteer militia, with trips into the mountains by columns of regular soldiers, British and Indian, when violence has got beyond the control of the native militia.

A most romantic example of the kind of military operations that cannot be avoided has been illustrated during the last month.

One of the outlying stations of the regular troops is at Kobat. On Valentine's Day six Afridis, of an independent tribe over the hills, made an extraordinarily clever and successful raid on the British armoury at Kobat fort. There were walls, wire entanglements, and sentries; but these six men, with the silent stealthiness of their race,

A Strange Visitor From America



This carbide gas buoy, which is thirty feet round and twelve feet high, has just arrived in the Scilly Islands after a journey of over four thousand miles across the Atlantic. It broke loose in the St. Lawrence River, Canada, and during its long drift its sides became covered with barnacles.

scaled the wall, made their way past the wire entanglements, dodged the sentinels, and after making a hole in the armoury roof, stole and carried off 46 magazine rifles. The bravery and cleverness of these raiders have perhaps never been excelled.

A fortnight later a column of lorries set out in daylight from Peshawur with all the appearance of conveying relief drafts to some of the hill stations. They did not go in the direction of the village from which the thieving raiders were now known to have come; but after nightfall they turned toward Kobat, and four miles from the frontier they set down a police force, which in the darkness scrambled over a lofty range of hills and by dawn surrounded the sleeping and unsuspecting village, while infantry with artillery held the circle of hills above.

The raiders were now themselves raided. Resistance was useless, and was not attempted. Buried under the houses 33 of the 46 stolen rifles were discovered, and several of the actual raiders were captured, one of them disguised as a woman, with four bombs in his petticoats! There was no fighting or loss.

Thirteen of the rifles of the Afridis were taken to be kept until the 13 military rifles not recovered were returned.

That is a sample of the kind of work necessary in guarding the frontier. The difficulty is increased by the fact that the more adventurous of the hillmen have served with the British, know their camp routine, and have added exact military training to their inherited mountain lore. With the hidden rifles were discovered piles of stolen goods brought from as far away as the city of Peshawur.

How can we live alongside these fierce and clever hillmen? It is a problem for Indians and British alike.

CAT FIGHTS A SNAKE

At Greta, in New South Wales, a domestic cat was found waging a battle with a snake four feet long.

The snake, which was covered with blood, was killed by the cat's owner, but the cat, which had evidently been bitten, died in a few hours.

A cat is a very nimble animal, but it is no match for a snake. Probably the only animal quick enough to meet a snake in combat is the mongoose.

GOOSE AND A CHILD

EXCITING EVENT IN CUMBERLAND

Baby's Terrifying Adventure with a Savage Bird

DUMB CREATURES WHO KNOW THEIR POWER

Most of us have this in common with Shakespeare, that we make fun of the goose as a foolish, witless bird. Naturalists, however, know it for one of the most sagacious of birds, but one which at times lets its courageous temper beguile it into deeds as violent as a vicious dog's.

Cumberland rings today with the deeds of a bird of the second sort. It is a gander owned by a Mr. William Mitchell of Maryport, who has had such proofs of his champion's courage that he has kept it as a guard for lesser pets. But now he may have to alter his views with regard to his feathered warrior, for the gander has nearly killed a child.

Trotting along in the open the other day, a baby boy was suddenly attacked by the gander, a big, upstanding creature whose head reached as high as the child's. The creature seized the baby by the neck and sought to drag it to its pond.

Angry Bird Driven Off

Happily the cries of the child brought hasty assistance, and the angry bird was beaten off. We need not suppose that the gander would have attempted to eat the boy, but it might have drowned him. All water-haunting creatures know by an instinct that they can drown their victims.

A gull in the park will drown a captured sparrow; a crocodile will drown a man or an animal; a big kangaroo, fighting for life in a stream against dogs, will seize one after another of its pursuers and force their heads under water till they cannot breathe. Geese know their powers, and we may feel sure that this boy had a narrow escape from death.

But this must not make us dislike geese in general, for they are not ordinarily savage.

The Geese that Saved Rome

Tradition says that geese saved Rome by their alarm when foreign foes were creeping on the city; and we know that geese were kept there in sacred temples. In later days many a goose has so endeared itself to its owner as to become a pet instead of a meal. Lord Byron travelled Europe with a family of geese slung beneath his carriage. He had bought one to fatten for Michaelmas, but thought it lonely, got it a mate, and then grew so fond of the pair and their young that he could not sacrifice them.

There was once an old gander which attacked everyone it met. One day it got fast in a drain by the roadside, and a man released it, expecting to be well pecked for his trouble. But the wise bird knew a friend, and from that time forth it followed its rescuer about day after day, like a faithful, loving dog, though hostile to the rest of humanity.

BRINGING THE RAIN DOWN

MANY DIFFICULTIES TO BE OVERCOME

How Science is Advanced by Men of Faith

5000 MILLION TONS OF AIR IN MOTION

By Our Weather Correspondent

In reference to a scientific attempt to produce rain in Ohio, we published the other week some notes advising our readers not to laugh at rainmakers. Our weather correspondent, who holds a high position in British Weather Science, now sends us these notes, which we gladly print.

The timely and fair-minded article which appeared in the C.N. of March 10 on the subject of the recent "rain-making" experiments in America does not state the case quite fully.

The achievements of science have been so wonderful that no one has any right to poke fun at those whose faith in her future leads them to try and try again to do things which others regard as well-nigh impossible. The work of science for mankind is advanced by the indomitable faith of the few who do not think the word impossible should be allowed in the dictionary.

The Cause of Rain

But it is very necessary to distinguish between mere jeering and serious scientific criticism. The world is full of quacks who promise to find short cuts to the millennium, and in their mouths the word scientific often covers a multitude of shortcomings, and gains credence for their views which they do not merit.

Serious students of the weather do not maintain that rainmaking is impossible. They do, however, feel that it is their duty to point out that success on the lines hitherto attempted is highly improbable.

The cause of rain in Nature is pretty well understood. The amount of water-vapour which air can support depends on the temperature, and therefore, when damp air is cooled, it ultimately reaches its saturation point, known as the "dew-point temperature," and any further cooling must bring about condensation.

Cooling the Air

So far so good, and the rainmakers who recognise this fact argue that any process which will cool air will conduce to rain. But this is just where they fail to understand the case.

There are many ways in which air is cooled—in fact, the temperature of the air is constantly changing—but even near the surface of the sea, where the air is at its dampest, merely cooling the air, even very greatly, can condense but little moisture.

The only process in Nature by which air can be cooled enough to produce rain appears to be by thermo-dynamic action. When masses of air are forced to rise, moving upward away from the surface of the Earth, they expand as the pressure of the atmosphere becomes less. This expansion utilises the heat in the air itself, and its temperature falls.

What an Inch of Rain Means

As the stream of air moves forward, whatever may be the power which is moving it, it must be followed by more rising air trying to take its place; and thus the supply of water-vapour is constantly renewed, and the enormous volume of water required to give even a slight rain-shower is provided.

An inch of rain over a hundred square miles of country, that is a square ten miles in the side, or a circle about 11 miles in diameter, weighs no less than six and a half million tons. At a temperature of 50 degrees Fahrenheit—the normal temperature of the air in England—this weight of water would be contained in 5500 million tons of air.

This means that, even were the cooling process so complete as to condense all the

A GOOD MAN FEELS BEATEN

WHO WILL KEEP OPEN A NOBLE DOOR?

Healing Half-a-Million Patients in Five Years

A GREAT NATIONAL TRUST

We gladly find room for this appeal which Lord Knutsford sends us from the London Hospital. There is no nobler cause on Earth than this.

Another five years have gone by, and I have once more, perhaps for the last time, to ask the public to help the London Hospital to carry on. We kept silent for five years.

The last five have been the most difficult I have ever been through, but we have managed, by the reckless indulgence of our bankers, and by the gifts of generous friends who know the hospital, not only to keep going, but to make real progress in the understanding and fighting of disease.

Let me give one fact. During these five years we have treated 94,800 in-patients and more than half a million out-patients, with a death-rate lower than it has ever been in the 180 years of the hospital's life.

The Next Five Years

The next five years are of supreme importance, because we have come to a point when the possibilities of medicine and surgery were never greater. Is the London Hospital, the largest in England, to stand still and not take its part in this great advance? Are we to go on for the next five years with the painful and humiliating sight of the word "closed" on the doors of our wards?

I wonder how many people realise that the power to help the vast number of people who will seek our help during the next five years depends on my luck or ability to raise £200,000 every year.

I know all about the "burden of taxation." Well, try and forget it, and help to lessen the burden present to so many thousands of having someone very dear to them stricken down by illness or injury, whose only chance of recovery is by this hospital. I have had to see that help refused because of our closed beds. It burns in when you see this. We have over a thousand people waiting for a vacant bed, and the remembrance of it makes me once more take upon myself the burden of begging.

A Wonderful Heritage

People say to me that I always get what I want by begging. Perhaps this has been partly true, but it has been hard and not very congenial work. At the moment I feel beaten, and am reminded of Bacon's words: "Who can see worse days than he who, yet living, doth follow at the funeral of his own reputation?" I am now having a first-class funeral.

The London Hospital is a wonderful heritage. It has been spreading knowledge and sending its doctors and nurses all over the world. Is it not, from its very size and work, a National Trust?

Do help us.

Continued from the previous column. water vapour in the air—which certainly could not be the case—more than 5000 million tons of free air would first require to be put in motion and lifted.

Even if it were feasible to supply energy to do work on such an enormous scale it is highly improbable that it would be worth anyone's while to expend it in so lavish a manner.

THE FOUR TERRIBLE YEARS

WHAT THE WAR COST How We Lost a Million Men and 10,000 Million Pounds

FINAL FIGURES FOR GREAT BRITAIN

A Parliamentary paper just issued gives the final figures showing the loss to Great Britain, in men and money during the Great War.

It is a terrible indictment of the whole business of war, and must be appalling reading even for those who think that some good may come out of war. The C.N. takes this opportunity of putting the terrible figures on permanent record.

Here are the figures showing the size and losses of the Empire's mighty army.

Men enrolled	9,496,370
Men killed	946,023
Men wounded	2,121,906

Great Britain's own contribution to these figures was enormous.

Men enrolled	6,211,427
Men killed	743,702
Men wounded	1,693,262

The total expenditure from April 1914 to March 1919 was £9,590,000,000, raised as follows:

Direct taxation	£1,820,000,000
Indirect taxation	£910,000,000
Borrowing at home	£5,500,000,000
Borrowing abroad	£1,360,000,000

The figures are given from April 1914 because the Chancellor's figures are available only for complete financial years, and the year starts in April.

Britain's loans to her Allies and Dominions, including unpaid interest, amounted to £2,078,000,000, made up thus:

Money lent to France	£584,000,000
Money lent to Italy	£503,000,000
Money lent to other Allies	£841,000,000
Lent to Dominions	£150,000,000

Losses at sea through submarines and other enemy activities were colossal.

Value of shipping lost	£750,000,000
Tonnage of shipping lost	8,000,000
Civilian lives lost	22,000

The amount spent by the nation in war pensions between August 1914 and March 1923 was £470,000,000.

In four years £153,000,000 has been spent in administering the Mandate territories, and among other costs of the war were the following:

Unemployment outlay	£400,000,000
Housing expenditure	£225,000,000
Railway agreements	£203,000,000
The bread subsidy	£101,500,000
Coal mine deficiencies	£48,000,000
Relief and reconstruction	£33,000,000
Constantinople	£20,000,000
Compensation for damage	£5,000,000

The administration expenses of the Ministry of Munitions and the Ministry of Shipping were £36,500,000. Of course, all these figures include only the direct cost. The indirect cost in loss of business, misery, and sorrow far exceed the tremendous total officially recorded.

LONDON'S UNDERGROUND RAILWAY

More Horse-Power for It

How many horse-power does it take to run the Underground Railway?

We get an answer to this question from the announcement that a new unit is to be built for the Lots Road power station at Chelsea, owing to the increasing demands made on the railway.

The total power then available will be just over 120,000 horse-power, or 93,000 kilowatts. The current is generated by steam turbines; there are at present seven turbo-generators of 6000 kilowatts each, and three of 15,000 kilowatts.

WHO FIRST BELIEVED IN GOD?

AKHNATON AND HIS FAITH

Interesting Old Documents Published by British Museum

FATHER OF MEN AND RULER OF THE WORLD

In My Magazine for April, now on the bookstalls, is a remarkably interesting article on Akhnaton, the heroic and young Pharaoh who knew Tutankhamen, and who was, as far as is known, the first man to believe in One God. Now the British Museum publishes another remarkable document throwing light on the same subject.

For about a hundred years the trustees of the British Museum have been purchasing and deciphering collections of Egyptian papyrus, and publishing facsimiles of these ancient documents. It has been a most interesting and fruitful labour, and has been the basis and foundation of the science of Egyptology.

The Story of the Past

In 1909 the Museum planned to issue facsimiles of all the papyri they had acquired during the preceding fifty years; and in 1912 they began the publication. The work has been delayed, however, and the Second Series is only just published.

It contains reproductions of eight papyri, dating about the time of Akhnaton and Tutankhamen, and covers wide and varied ground in history, romance, hymnology, magic, ethics, and religion. We learn of a campaign of Rameses II against the Hittites; we read the romantic story of the cunning Egyptian officer who smuggled soldiers into Joppa in jars; we read of the beautiful Hymn to the Nile, and of the superb Dirge of Antef.

But perhaps the most interesting literature in the whole series is the Teaching of Amenemapt, a high official of about the time of Akhnaton. The moral precepts contained in Amenemapt's Teaching are unique, and they prove a belief in One God, Father of Men and Ruler of the World.

Some Striking Sayings

Amenemapt taught that God is ever watching over men, providing them with daily bread, giving them health and strength, and finally leading them to the other world, where "they are safe with Him." Even Akhnaton does not seem to have attained a more sublime conception of God, and one wonders whether this official inspired the Heretic King, or was inspired by him. We cannot say.

Here are some of the striking sayings of this great Egyptian:

Leave the wicked man to the hand of God, for it may be God's will to show him further mercy.

Pay good heed to God Almighty; better are six feet of ground which God hath given thee than 5000 feet obtained by fraud.

Better is a morsel begged from the hand of God than strong meats from the rich man's table.

There is no goodness in the nature of God, for there is no evil before Him.

Though the tongue of a man steers the boat, it is God Who is the Captain thereof. Truth is the porter of God.

Though a man prepares the straw for building his house, God is the architect. It is He Who throws down and builds up. The love of God (may He be praised and adored) is more than respect of the Chief.

Whether King Akhnaton influenced Amenemapt or Amenemapt influenced Akhnaton we cannot say; perhaps both were directly and independently inspired by the Spirit of God. But, whatever their inspiration, it is certain that an age containing two such spiritual teachers must have been a great and noble age. Alas, that the nation, having climbed so high, should have fallen back into superstition again!

THE COWBOY DISAPPEARING HERO OF THE FILMS

As He Really Is, and as He
Soon Will Be

A FARM MECHANIC

As the great cattle-raising areas of the United States become more settled the cowboy is changing in type, and instead of being the picturesque figure which has been made familiar to us by the kinema he will soon be practically just an ordinary farm hand.

Of course he never was quite such a wildly romantic and dashing fellow as he was represented. His life was not one long round of exciting adventure and peril, although he certainly ran great risks at times. Really he was a very hard-working man, receiving low wages; but there was something in his life in the open air, among living, palpitating animals, which fascinated him, and a cowboy very seldom sought any other occupation.

When Cattle Roamed the Prairie

It was a lonely life in the days when ranches were unfenced and the cattle roamed over, perhaps, a thousand square miles, for he spent long days in the saddle, with little or no company except his pony and his charges.

His great periods of excitement were the two seasons of the year when the cattle were rounded up—once for the young stock to be branded, and again for the selection of animals to be sold. He might be lucky enough to be selected for the party which took the cattle to Chicago, and that meant two days' holiday in the city.

The cowboy's clothes, which made him look such a fine, stirring fellow, were really the only practical things he could wear for work like his. He had leather trousers—"chaps," he called them, from a Spanish word meaning leg-armour—and they often had a long fringe on the outer seams. There might be a fringe on the sleeves of his leather jacket.

Foes of the Cowboy

He had to wear leather because he could not get any cloth that would not be torn from his limbs by the thorns on the bushes through which he sometimes had to ride at full gallop. The fringes were to protect him from the mosquitoes and flies which gathered round him in hundreds of thousands whenever he halted, for the wind kept the streamers moving, and they prevented the annoying insects from settling upon him.

He had stiff leather gauntlets, too, reaching from the wrist to the elbow. These were a protection to him if he were thrown from his horse; and he could wind the end of his lasso round his arm without being hurt by any strain on the rope.

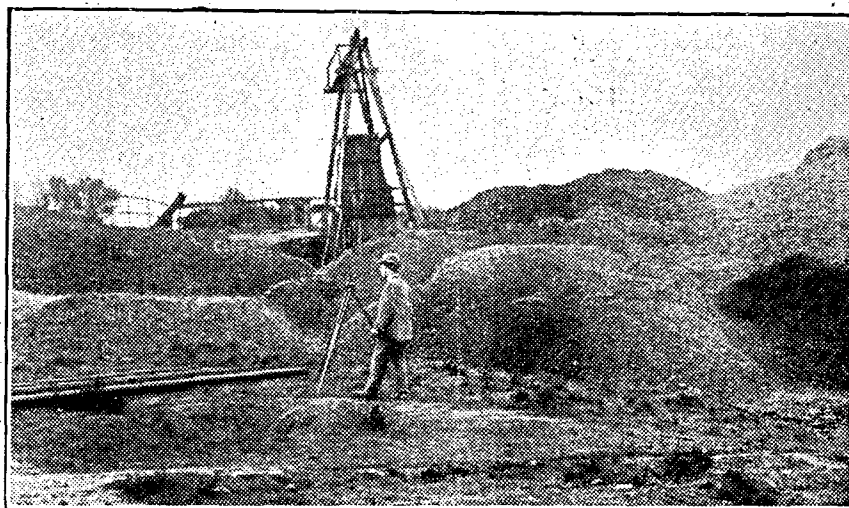
His boots had heels as high as any ever worn by a woman—three inches high, or more. The cowboy rode with very big stirrups, so that he could slip his feet out of them in an instant; on the other hand, the high heels on his boots prevented the irons from slipping up his leg.

Protection from the Sand Storm

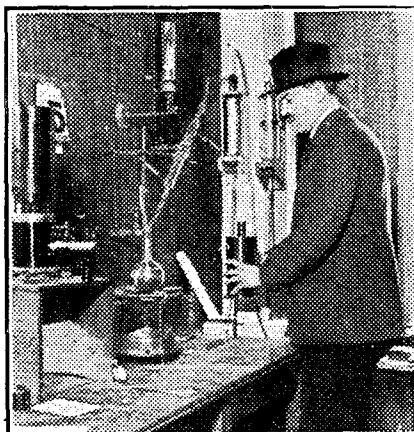
Even his gaily-coloured neckerchief had a special purpose; it not only kept his throat and neck warm, but, if he encountered a sand storm, he turned the cloth round till the knot was at the back, and then pulled up the wide part over his mouth.

And the "gun" with which on the pictures he was always shooting bad men, was carried so that he could put his pony out of its suffering if it broke a leg, or he might use it to kill a dangerous steer or to shoot a snake. Nowadays, when so many wire fences have been erected, he carries a pair of pincers instead of a revolver, and his clothes may be just blue overalls.

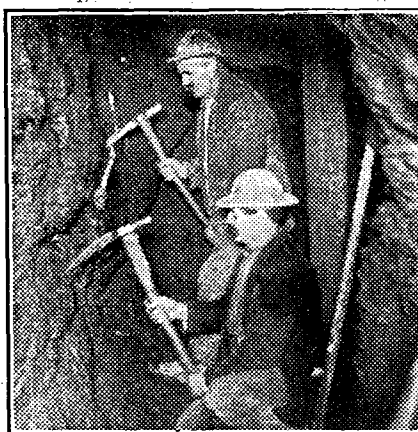
THE RADIUM MINERS' OF CORNWALL



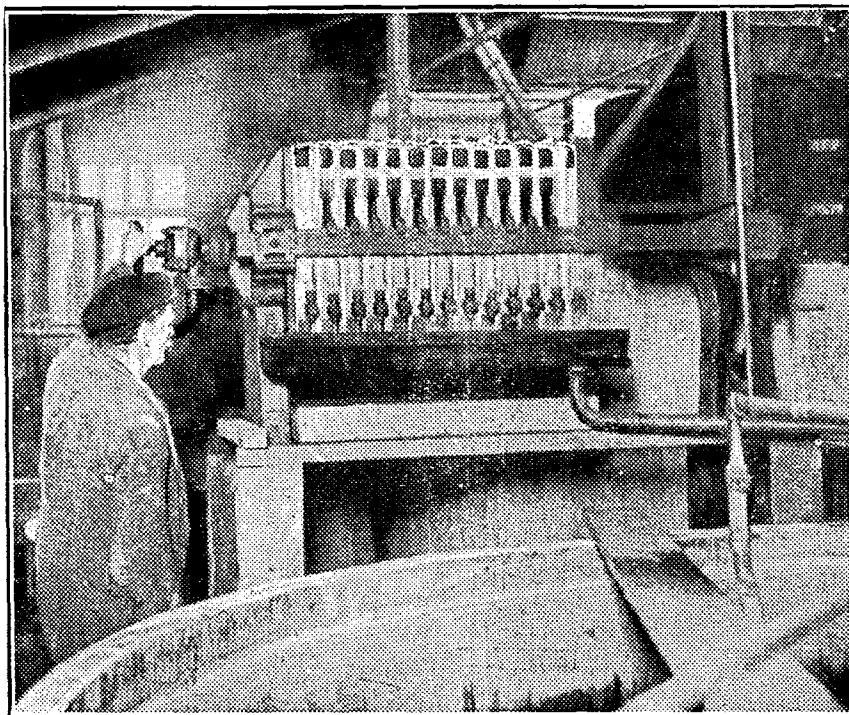
A big dump of pitchblende and ore ready for milling



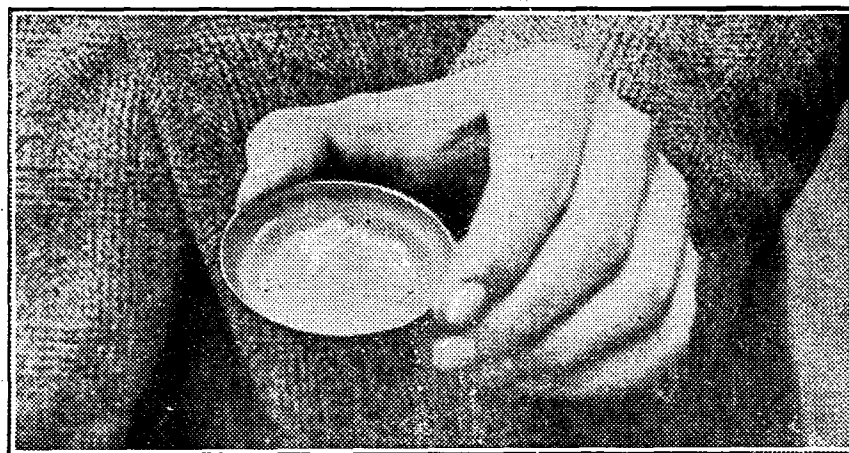
The chemist at work in his laboratory at the mine



Miners at work on the lode that contains the radium



The filtering apparatus by means of which the radium is obtained



A hundred tons of ore yield this gramme of salt, which, in turn, yields the thousandth part of a gramme of radium

Radium is being successfully mined at the Terras Mine, near Grampound Road, in Cornwall, and though the yield is only one gramme of radium from 100,000 tons of ore, radium is so valuable that it pays to work the mine

CHILDREN'S WORK FOR THE NATION

THE WELSH SCHOOL MOVEMENT

Five Hundred Schools Building
Up Maps and Histories

LOCAL FOLKLORE

In connection with the scheme now operating in the Welsh counties for securing a complete record of the folklore of the people the schoolmasters of the country day-schools have enlisted the help of the school children, as already explained in the C.N.

The discoveries made with the help of the school children include prehistoric hearths where primitive man cooked his food, and the tracing of lost industries of the rural populations. These include the shoeing of geese, an industry which was common in days before the railway reached the inner parts of the Principality.

To shoe the geese ready for the Christmas market the geese were driven through beds of warm pitch or tar, and afterwards through fine sand. When their feet were dry they were ready for a hundred-mile tramp across the hills to the market in the distant towns.

Two Parishes at Play

Old pastimes are also being traced. One of these includes a game played between two parishes, with six miles of countryside between them.

The effect of all this work on the boys and girls of the schools has been to stimulate pride in the different localities, and has inspired a competition among the children which is proving very useful to those who are in charge of the work. When the scheme has advanced to a certain stage the information will be prepared for publication and will add a most valuable contribution to the literature of folklore.

The scheme was started three years ago by Sir Alfred T. Davies, permanent secretary of the Welsh Education Department, and was the first movement started in the British Isles for utilising the services of school children in building up maps and histories.

Over 500 schools in Wales are now engaged in the work. The information collected is duplicated, one paper being kept in the schools and the other sent to the Welsh Department, from where it will afterwards be sent to the National Library of Wales at Aberystwyth.

A WONDERFUL LAMP A Light of a Million and a Quarter Candles

A wonderful lamp has been made for the Egyptian Government at the Smethwick works of Messrs. Chance.

A few days ago the light was working at Smethwick as it will work when erected at Port Said. It will be one of the biggest lights in the world, for the beam has an intensity equal to 1,250,000 candles. Thousands of prisms are used for bending the divergent rays of light into the beam, and every one has been set with focal accuracy so that not a scrap of light is wasted.

The whole light, weighing nearly four tons, floats in a bath containing 450 pounds of mercury. This reduces frictional resistance so much that the light can be set moving by the push of a finger. It is revolved by clockwork, operated by a small falling weight.

This splendid light will have a luminous range of nearly a hundred miles in clear weather in the Mediterranean.

A wonderful thing at the Smethwick works is the lighthouse in the works yard, which for nine months has been operated by an automatic light valve. Every evening at dusk it lights up, and so sensitive to the heat of daylight are the ether-filler bulbs that when fog comes the light begins to work, the gas being used to make it revolve.

CHIEF SCOUT'S COLUMN

SCENTING THE ENEMY How Sir Robert Woke Up One Night in an African War THE POWER OF SMELL

By Sir Robert Baden-Powell

When we were at war with the Zulus many years ago, I was awakened one night in bivouac by a curious scent in the night air.

I at once woke up my companions, but they could not smell it. But, then, most of them were smokers, and a man who smokes cannot generally smell so well as a man who does not. In fact, smoking not only spoils him for smelling, but it also plays havoc with his wind, for running, and often with his eyesight and digestion. So you will find that most *real* Scouts do not smoke.

Well, I still felt that the enemy was somewhere near us, and so we all kept awake. Very soon we could hear them creeping up in the grass, hoping to surprise us and catch us asleep. Instead of that they were themselves surprised by a volley which sent them flying.

So you see how valuable the sense of smell can be.

The Old Arab Guide

That reminds me of an old Arab guide in Egypt who was totally blind, yet he knew the way, even in the desert, by the smell of the sand.

He would take up a handful now and then, and smell it to see if he were on the right track. He knew the smell of each camping ground.

On one occasion his companions thought they would play a trick on him, so they brought along with them a bag of sand from their last camping ground, and when they arrived at the new one they handed him some of this sand to smell, saying they had just picked it up.

The old man smelt it, looked puzzled, and smelt it again. Then he said he was extremely sorry he had made some blunder, and had brought them back to their old camp again. He was quite miserable about it until told of the trick they had played him.

A Good Game

Scouts and Guides especially are supposed to use all the senses that God has given them, and not to be like the people of whom the dog in one of G. K. Chesterton's stories complained:

They haven't got no noses,
They haven't got no noses,
And goodness only knows
The noselessness of man.

In the Scout and Guide movement there is a good game which teaches you to use your nose.

Small numbered muslin bags are filled with various smelling stuffs, such as, for instance, coffee, lavender, pepper, mustard, tea, nutmeg, almonds, the more the better. Each member of the patrol is allowed to smell each bag for, say, 30 seconds, and must then say the name of what he has smelt. The winning patrol is the one whose members smell most correctly.

AN ARMY OF ELEPHANTS

Invasion of the Belgian Congo

It is reported that herds of elephants have invaded the region of Lake Leopold in the Belgian Congo, and are laying waste the plantations there, so that food supplies are endangered. The natives refuse to hunt the elephants, as they do not share the proceeds of the hunting, and people are deserting many villages.

No doubt in Pliocene and early Pleistocene times primitive man must have had many pitched battles with the elephant family; but it is rather strange to think that even in the twentieth century there are elephants numerous enough and enterprising enough to sack villages and destroy plantations. It sounds as if they were becoming civilised.

HOW MONEY GOES IN BERLIN

Front Seat at the Theatre for Three Halfpence

WHAT A PENNY WILL DO

A C.N. correspondent living in Berlin with a refugee family from Petrograd sends us a note of the way his English money goes in the German capital.

His washing bill for 15 articles is threepence. He pays eightpence for 12 private lessons in Russian, and three-halfpence for a front seat at the Schiller Theatre to see William Tell.

A Berlin newspaper (he says) cost me 4d. for the whole of February. A third-class railway journey, by fast train, right across Germany would cost about 1s. 8d. A dinner can be obtained for 2d. or less. Seats at the cinema are three for a penny.

I am picking up second-hand books for six a penny. The servant girl at the "pension" is mightily pleased and is all smiles when I give her a weekly tip of a penny. Chocolates and sweets are now frightfully dear, and cost 2½d. a pound.

A loaf of black, rationed bread costs a penny, a price which the very poor find almost prohibitive. A tin of pears comes to a little over a penny. Ten fares on the Underground come to a penny. A haircut costs a halfpenny. Fifteen inland or five foreign letters go by post for a penny.

Eggs Too Dear at a Halfpenny

The poor are no longer able to buy butter or eggs. Butter costs 10d. a pound, and eggs are a halfpenny each. A penny will buy two pounds of apples or three cups of tea, cocoa, or chocolate.

With a ½s note our correspondent has bought the following things:

A summer suit, cycling breeches, a winter overcoat, a raincoat, two pairs of boots, a suit-case, three shirts, two vests, pyjamas, six pairs of socks, a pair of cycling stockings, a pair of braces, a pair of gloves, six stiff collars, 14 soft collars, 12 handkerchiefs, five ties, a toothbrush, two sticks of shaving soap, five pairs of laces, three tubes of toothpaste, a safety inkwell, a spirit flask, a shaving brush, and a dozen photographs.

EYES OF A SHIP

Sounding the Depths by Light SEARCHLIGHTS THAT PLUMB THE DEEP

A well-known pilot named James Burn has equipped a Tyne pilot-boat called Queen of the May with a simple device by which soundings may be taken without the labour of swinging the lead.

The device is a searchlight used in much the same way and on the same principle as searchlights used to locate aeroplanes, the main difference being that the beam of light is shot down through the water till it illuminates a sea or river bed instead of being shot up till it illuminates an aeroplane.

The pilot boat has two glass portholes, like eyes, some distance apart, under water near its keel. Through one porthole a beam of light is projected perpendicularly downwards toward the bottom of the river or the sea. At the other porthole is placed a mirror, which can be set at different angles, and so fixed as to reflect the patch of light from the bottom of the water to the captain's chart-room. The angle at which the mirror must be set to reflect the patch of light necessarily varies with the depth of the sea, and by reading the angle the depth can be ascertained.

In this way the depth of the sea can be continuously judged and recorded, and the tedious business of swinging the lead can be dispensed with.

Captain James Burn claims that this method of sounding is more accurate and practical than the old-fashioned way, and that it can be used even when going at full speed and in rough weather. Off the Northumberland coast he was able to see the patch of light on the sea bottom 16 fathoms down. It certainly seems an excellent idea.

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE



Gathered by

Czecho-Slovakia is establishing a new gold coinage.

The compensation due for damage done in Dublin by the civil war would treble the taxes there.

A boy of ten has been appointed organist to the Roman Catholic church at Boston, Lincolnshire.

There are now between three and four million insects in the Natural History Museum at South Kensington.

Belgium's Great Achievement

Of 316,000 acres of Belgian Flanders which were devastated in the war 313,000 have already been restored.

Typewriting Music

An Italian musician has invented a machine which writes music in the same way as a typewriter writes words.

Extraordinary Chess

A 13-year-old French boy recently played 20 chess-players at the same time, winning 15 games and losing only one.

No Time Lost

When produced as evidence in a Reading police-court case a hen took the opportunity of laying an egg in court!

800 Feet of Paper a Minute

A Sittingbourne paper mill is to have a machine that will make a roll of paper 215 inches wide at a speed of 800 feet a minute.

Helium Gas

The 1923 budget of the United States contains an item of £165,000 for experimenting with and the production of helium gas.

New Forests for Britain

Twenty-one thousand acres of trees had been planted in Great Britain by the Forestry Commissioners up to the beginning of this year.

Bantam 22 Years Old

A reader at Peterborough, Reginald Johnson, writes to say that a bantam hen belonging to a neighbour has just died there aged 22.

Wolsey's Tomb

Leicester Corporation is to help the Archaeological Society to excavate for the tomb of Cardinal Wolsey, who died at Leicester Abbey.

The Cost of Rain

The engineer of the Willesden Council, in London, estimates that during February the rain damaged the roads to the extent of £500 a day.

Amen

A wireless operator who enjoyed himself by sending out the Twenty-third Psalm one night was delighted to hear 16 ships answer Amen.

Milk from Sawdust

The State of Wisconsin experimental station has discovered that cows give a normal milk supply when one-third of their diet consists of wet sawdust.

Rare Spectacle

A tremendous blaze was recently seen in a Californian oilfield, when a 50,000-barrel oil tank took fire from the sparks of an electric drill. The flames shot up 500 feet high.

Tree Pays for a House

A Stuttgart man who a year or more ago borrowed 35,000 marks to build a house has just been able, owing to the slump in the mark, to pay off the debt by selling one tree from his garden.

Prosperous Vancouver

The city of Vancouver is being favourably affected by the use of the Panama Canal for the transit of corn. Ten million bushels of the 1922 crop left Canada westward through Vancouver.

The Editor's Room

A room in a school at Farnham, in Surrey, has been named the Arthur Mee Room, as a compliment to the C.N. The Editor wishes he could be back at school again, looking forward in this room.

Bread-and-Butter Machine

A machine which cuts and butters bread has been shown at an exhibition in Birmingham. It can be regulated to cut the required thickness of the bread and to spread an exact amount of butter.

WILD BIRDS SAFE IN THE KING'S GARDEN

Sanctuary at Buckingham Palace

A GOOD MOVEMENT IN SOUTH AFRICA

That admirable institution the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds has been in existence for 32 years, and, happily, its prosperity and the range of its work expand constantly.

The membership of the society shows an encouraging increase, and its funds are in a satisfactory state.

One of the aims of the society is to establish bird sanctuaries in all our parks. Very quickly birds understand where they are welcomed and protected. Always susceptible to humane movements, the King has allowed a bird sanctuary to be formed in the grounds of Buckingham Palace—an example that it is hoped will be widely followed.

The C.N. offers hearty congratulations also to the Wild Birds' Protection Society of South Africa for its successful attempt to enlist the children of the country in the crusade on behalf of friendship for birds.

The society offered 29 prizes to school children up to Standard VI for essays on the question, "Why should I not kill wild birds or destroy their eggs?"

The prizes were one each of £5, £3, £2, £1 10s., and £1; two each of 15s. and 10s., and 20 of 5s.

The competitors numbered 987, and the three heading the list were all girls, Gladys B. Rees, of Dannhauser, Natal, £5; Velma Rich, of Nietverdiend, Zee-rust, Transvaal, £3; and Iris Tennent, of Rondebosch, Cape Province, £2.

The secretary has been good enough to send us the essay placed first, and it is admirable in the force of its argument, the kindness of its feeling, and the aptness of its expression.

The example of South Africa might well be followed in many centres of many lands, until even the most thoughtless of boys may be led to see the cruelty and meanness of persecuting the most beautiful but weakest of God's creatures.

TRAMP OF THE SPIDER AND THE FLY

The Wonders of a Crystal

Two scientists have been listening to the tramp of a spider.

By means of the ordinary carbon microphone very faint sounds can be detected, and long ago David Edward Hughes, one of the pioneers of wireless and the inventor of the microphone we now use on our telephones, was able to hear on his microphone the tramp of a fly.

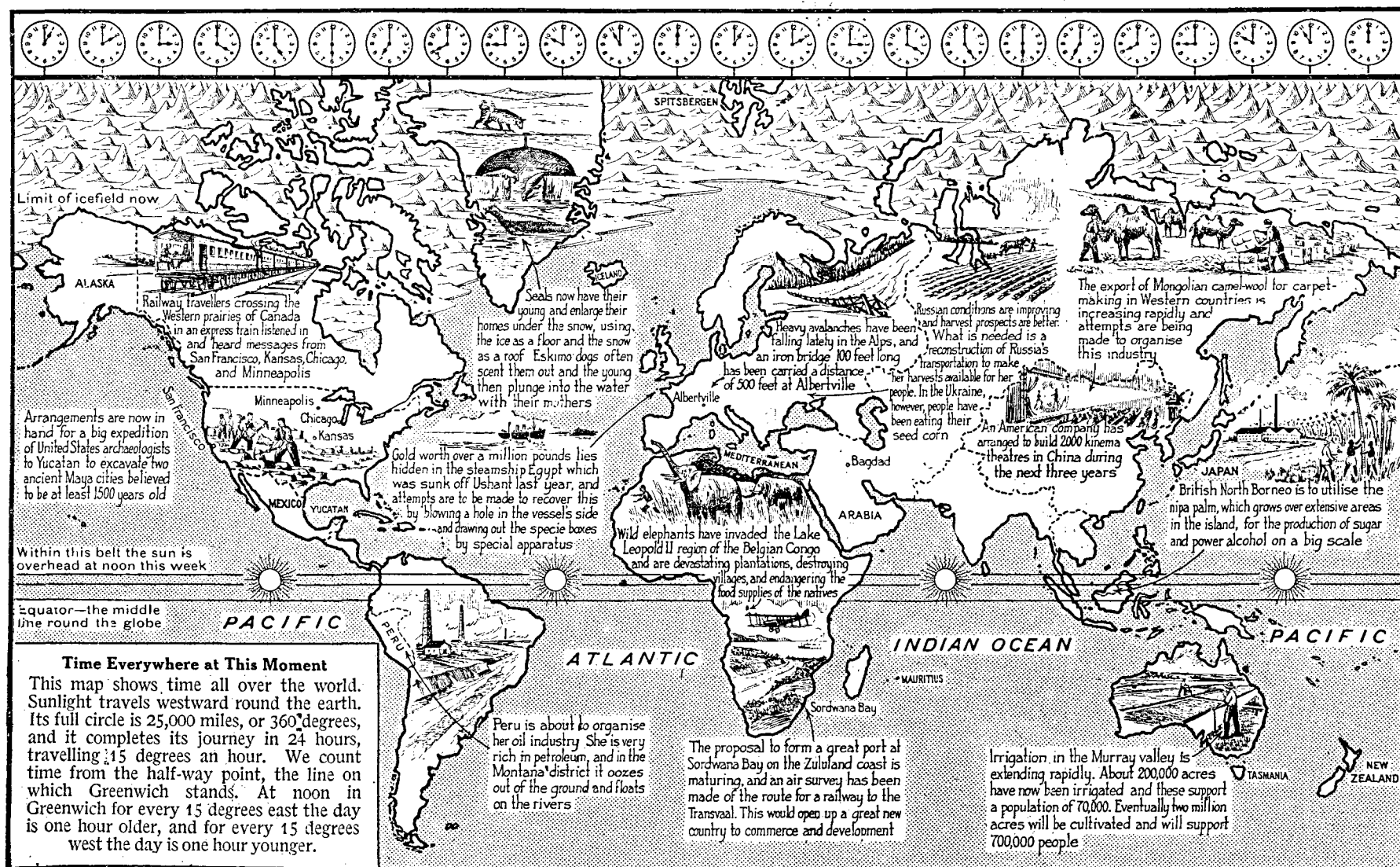
There are some wonderful crystals which, when subjected to intermittent pressure, give rise to electric currents and give forth sounds, and they, too, can be used to magnify inaudible noises. Crystals of quartz, tourmalin, feldspar, sugar, camphor, and so on, have these remarkable properties; but the crystals most responsive to pressure are the crystals of Rochelle salt which are found in Seidlitz powders.

By means of these Rochelle salt crystals two electricians, Mr. Russell and Mr. Cotton, have lately been able to hear a small spider walking about. They do not describe the sound of the spider's footfall; but we should imagine that it would be more of a shuffle than a fox-trot. Certainly not a two-step!

EUROPE'S ARMIES

Fifteen European countries have larger armies today than in 1913. The armies in Europe in 1913 numbered 3,500,000 men. In 1923 they number 4,350,000. According to the War Office figures the British Regular Army has 155,000 men, the French 736,261, the German 100,000, the Italian 210,000, and the Belgian 118,969.

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



BLINDNESS IN BRADFORD

Being Wiped Out Among Babies

On the authority of Lord Onslow, Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Health, the C.N. stated the other day that seven people a month are going blind in Bradford, and we stated, also, as Lord Onslow did in a speech at Bradford, that one of the causes of increasing blindness is probably the intricacy of the machinery used in Bradford.

The chairman of the Bradford Blind Persons Act Committee now writes from the Town Hall to explain that Lord Onslow's figures are not quite correct, and also to challenge the theory as to its cause. We give the following notes from his letter.

It is not easy to give the reasons for blindness. Wrong-doing, not always by the blind persons, disease, accidents, increasing old age, and many other causes play their sad part in stealing the sight of human beings.

I have before me the reports submitted to my committee during the last nine months. The new cases number 50 (21 males and 29 females), an average of 5.55 per month. Three of these are over 80, twelve over 70, fourteen over 60, four over 50, eleven over 40, two over 30, two over 20, and two under 20. In 15 cases the cause of blindness is cataract, and in another 15 the causes are not stated, but from the ages given it is safe to assume that old age has been the enemy. The remaining twenty cases are due to a variety of causes.

It is a very pleasant fact to know that owing to the skill and attention of our medical men blindness among babies is being wiped out. These same qualities are keeping us alive longer. Some day our doctors will also prevent us from losing this most precious of human gifts as we approach the century.

Pronunciations in This Paper

Papyrus	Pa-pi-rus
Peshawur	Pa-shah-wur
Rochelle	Ro-shel
Schiller	Shil-ler
Smethwick	Smeth-ik
Stuttgart	Stoot-gart

LOST IN THE BUSH

A Traveller's Nine Days

A Danish emigrant seeking work has been lost for nine days in the Queensland bush. Of all the forms of Australian growths the worst is the prickly pear bush, for the spines tear whatever they touch.

The Dane, confused and utterly lost, was waterless, foodless, and almost clothesless, and his body and limbs were lacerated by the spiky pear trees. The fruit itself, his only hope against starvation, inflamed his mouth till eating became impossible.

And yet, after nine days of wandering, speechless, and with his mind unhinged, he somehow emerged alive—how he cannot tell—and has now recovered.

THEY WHO SLEEP IN THE WOODS

Men Who Won the War

The woods in which the British army fought some of its bitterest battles in the war are still being cleared, and almost every day unburied bodies of missing British soldiers are being found.

There has lately been discovered more than 300 of the fallen whose fate was hitherto unknown. Of these 138 were found near Thiepval, 64 at Pozières, 69 at Longueval, 20 at Ovillers-la-Boiselle, and 13 at Montauban.

These reminders of French and British comradeship, coming in the fifth year after the war, will, we may hope, stir up afresh the flagging memory of some forgetful politicians.

CAT TURNS THE GAS ON

And the Dog Saves the Family

A cat at Colchester, chasing a mouse in the night, turned on a gas tap by a pat from its paw, imprisoned itself in the kitchen, nearly poisoned the dog, and would perhaps have poisoned a sleeping man, woman, and child if the dog's howling had not awakened them.

LEAP FROM A LIFEBOAT

How 43 Men Were Saved

On a voyage from San Francisco to Seattle a ship called the Tuscan Prince met with a blizzard and, carried by a tide off her course, was wrecked on a reef near Vancouver.

The ship was in danger of breaking up, and many attempts were made to reach the reef on which the ship had struck, but the sides were so steep that neither swimmer nor lifeboat could effect a landing. At last, however, the boatswain succeeded in springing on to the reef from the bows of a lifeboat, and was able to fasten a rope and enable the crew to cross from the wreck.

All night the crew huddled together on the rocks, exposed to snow and spray, but the next day a Canadian lifeboat rescued some of them, and the following morning the remainder were also saved, altogether 43 men.

Such are the ordeals that are faced by those who go down to the sea in ships.

A PELICAN MAKES A MISTAKE

And a Reptile Gains its Liberty

A queer bit of natural history comes from an Australian correspondent.

On the River Murray, where the water shallows near the shore, a pelican was seen to seize a swimming snake, apparently thinking that it was a fish.

It clutched the snake in its huge beak and dragged it ashore, though it was five feet long. There it swallowed it.

When a fisherman who witnessed the feat looked at the bird again it was lying dead, and the snake could not be seen, but a hole in the bird's crop showed how the reptile had made its escape.

AN EAGLE CARRIES OFF A CAGE

Eagles have become numerous and daring in New South Wales. One has flown into the heart of the city of Goulburn, swooped on a cage containing a canary, and carried it off in its claws. It soared aloft out of sight with its unprofitable prize.

BIRD'S GREAT FLIGHT

Ten Thousand Miles to Die

A swallow, ringed in Carmarthenshire last August, has been found dead on a farm in Johannesburg. It must, therefore, have flown, some time between August and January, all the way from Wales to South Africa.

A great journey that must have been, across the harvest fields of England, the vineyards of France, the sands of the Sahara, the jungles and forests of Central Africa! The little bird must have known sunshine and storm on its way, and it must have rested in many strange places. Making a certain allowance for storms carrying it out of its direct route, it must have covered 8000 or 10,000 miles.

But, according to Mr. H. F. Witherby, the great authority on bird migration, at least six other swallows are known to have accomplished the same journey. One flew from Windsor to Cape Province, one from Staffordshire to Natal, one from Ayrshire to the Orange Free State, one from Lancashire to Cape Province, one from Yorkshire to East Griqualand, and one from Stirlingshire to Transvaal.

WHAT TEACHER TOLD HIM

A Fine Little Fellow

An eleven-year-old Australian boy showed great pluck and coolness when a horse ran away with him the other day.

His father had alighted to open a gate, and the horse, taking fright at a passing motor-car, bolted. The little boy kept his head, hung on to the reins, and actually succeeded in steering the bolting horse round sharp corners on a rough road. His hands were badly cut and blistered. The runaway was finally stopped by a man on horseback.

When his father came up the plucky boy exclaimed: "I nearly pulled him up myself, Dad! I remembered what teacher told us, that if we happened to be driving when the horse bolted we were to keep cool and hang on."

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

MARCH 31 1923

Cast Down Your Bucket Where You Are

A distinguished Negro student has been refused admission to the famous Harvard University because he is a Negro, and it seems a good opportunity for us to give this speech made by a Negro who was born a slave—the late Mr. Booker Washington.

Mr. Washington went 2000 miles to speak a few minutes at an exhibition, and what he said seems to us as good as anything we could say, and so we give it in this place.

A SHIP lost at sea for many days suddenly sighted a friendly vessel. From the mast of the unfortunate vessel was seen a signal: "Water, water; we die of thirst!" The answer from the friendly vessel at once came back: *Cast down your bucket where you are.* A second time the signal, "Water, water; send us water!" ran up from the distressed vessel; and was answered: *Cast down your bucket where you are.* A third and fourth signal for water was so answered. The captain of the distressed vessel, at last heeding the injunction, cast down his bucket, and it came up full of fresh, sparkling water from the mouth of the Amazon!

To those of my race who depend on bettering their condition in a foreign land, or underestimate the importance of friendly relations with the white man, their next-door neighbour, I would say: *Cast down your bucket where you are.* Cast it down in making friends in every manly way of the people by whom we are surrounded.

To those of the white race I would repeat what I say to my own race: *Cast down your bucket where you are.* Cast it down among the eight millions of Negroes whose habits you know, whose fidelity and love you have tested in days when to have proved treacherous meant the ruin of your firesides. Cast down your bucket among these people who have, without strikes and labour wars, tilled your fields, cleared your forests, builded your cities, and brought forth treasures from the earth.

Casting down your bucket among my people, you will find that they will buy your surplus land, make blossom the waste places in your fields, and run your factories. You and your families will be surrounded by the most patient, faithful, law-abiding, and unresentful people the world has seen.

As we have proved our loyalty to you in the past in nursing your children, watching by the sick-beds of your mothers and fathers, and often following them with tear-dimmed eyes to their graves, so in the future, we shall stand by you with a devotion no foreigner can approach, ready to lay down our lives in defence of yours, interlacing our industrial, commercial, civil, and religious life with yours in a way that shall make the interests of both races one. In all things purely social we can be as separate as the fingers, yet one as the hand in all things essential to mutual progress.

So will we bring into our beloved South a new heaven and a new earth.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



Why Not?

WHY does not Mr. Bridgeman, the Home Secretary, do a very fine thing?

In Sir Robert Baden-Powell the nation has a man who knows the whole art of shaping a boy's character. Why not call him in and ask him to take over the Borstal Institutions of the country? It is a terrible thing to read some of the things we have read lately about these places.

Eight Furlongs One Mile

OUR congratulations to Patrick Furlong, who walked into Sydney Hospital the other day with some little injury, and was told that a patient of the same name had just been treated.

"That is nothing," said Patrick. "I have a mile of them at home."

He was the father of eight Furlongs.



What Europe may come to if the War Men have their way

"Pound On!"

MOST of us know the wonderful exclamation of Epictetus, who was a slave, when his master was wrenching his leg on the rack.

"If you are not careful," he had said quietly, "you will break it"; and when at last the poor leg did break he exclaimed, with sorrowful reproach, "I told you so!"

There is another instance of Greek courage not so well known. Anaxarchus was condemned to be beaten to death. The executioners set about him in a terrible manner; but he braced himself up and cried in a loud voice: "Pound on! You can pound the sheath of Anaxarchus; himself you cannot pound."

It is a fine thing really to believe in the soul.

A New Duty

WE are told in a book just published that it is not enough to think rightly: we must think effectively.

The idea is that goodness has conquered badness all down the ages because the minority, who love goodness, have thought more effectively than the majority, who either follow badness or are indifferent to both goodness and badness.

This is true; but how does one think effectively? The best way seems to think persuasively. *It is far better to attract people to goodness than to attempt scolding them out of badness.*

Our Stone Age Hotels

IT is said, as showing England's backwardness in hotels, that in all London there is only one hotel with a bathroom to every bedroom, and that in all Brighton there is not one hotel with central heating laid on in every (or any) bedroom!

Clearly our hotels have yet a long way to go before they reach civilisation.

Tip-Cat

THE gentleman who is glad our Government has been disturbed in its sleep must not assume it is awake because it is talking.

HISTORY, a teacher has noticed, no longer repeats itself. It hasn't done much lately worth repeating.

A COMPLETE skeleton is offered for sale. No doubt another poor fellow skinned by the income-tax.

A GARDENER boasts that he has never been late for fifty years. He always keeps thyme in his garden.

LANGUAGE, according to a professor alters considerably in a century.

That must be why some people don't know what they are talking about.

POULTRY are at last coming into their own. They were bound to, in the long run.

A PHILOSOPHER says nobody gets his own way. Then who owns the private roads?

AN American philosopher has been writing on how to find yourself. Who would not sooner be told nowadays how to keep yourself?

NATIVES in uncivilised Africa are said to be always happy. You would not guess it from their black looks.

Events

A CHARMING professor of classics has asked us to think what we mean by an event.

If the writer loses a ten-pound note it is an event; but if a millionaire lost a ten-pound note it would hardly be an event to him. To a poet the death of Julius Caesar is an event; to a doctor it is a common experience.

Then one professor tells us what an event is; it is a physical fact plus all the human feelings that led up to it and all the human feelings that flowed from it.

This means that in history a true event never dies. It lives and changes in the thoughts of the human race. Even little trivial events may become eternal. We must try to say something about such events in the C.N. monthly before many months are over.

Seeing France

By Our Country Girl Abroad

"I WANT to see France," I said ungratefully to my companion. "You've taken me to see the Flying Victory, and the Venus of Milo, and Mona Lisa; they came from Greece and Italy. You've taken me to see the tomb of Napoleon, who came from Corsica. All the beautiful things in the Louvre belong to the past and the dead."

"Ah," I continued, "if we were men we could go to the little cafés of the Latin Quarter and talk to the students about the new ideas; it is the future that interests me."

"The Latin Quarter is only a little corner," said my companion. "The artists are only a little company in this big nation, and chiefly American and English. If you want to see France and her Future, come here."

France and Her Future

I went across to her where she stood, and at one of the opposite windows a man in shirtsleeves was holding a baby, a short-coated baby whose pink feet were working with excitement as if he were on an invisible tread-mill. His hands were beating time on his father's arm.

"There is the Future of France," said my companion. "Whatever he grows up to be—painter, pigeon fancier, or professor—he will be a French citizen. Is he not more important than some school of painting which will be out of fashion in three years? As for the spirit of France, you couldn't get a better picture of it than you have in that working man with the fierce Republican moustache and the almost motherly smile under it. New ideas? The French love them, but they will always live by three quite old ones—the love of liberty, their mothers, and their children."

It was Sunday, the day when, after church at midday, the French father, even the very stoutest, gives himself up to the teasing, playing, chasing, battling, and bullying of his children. And it seems to me that this dividing of Sunday between the Heavenly Father and your own children is a very excellent way of keeping the Sabbath holy.

Joy to the Nations

Lo! a light sublime,
Like morning, breaks along the sky
of time.

Joy to old England! Joy with freedom comes:

Our cottage homes are beautiful again,
Dear Nature's gifts the kingly peasant sums,
And sings and worships in her ancient fane.

Joy to the nations! Every country bears

All fruits, all flowers. Joy! there is no more sea;

Our spears are pruning-hooks, our swords are shares;

Men form one great and tranquil brotherhood,

Are brave and gentle, courteous, wise, and free;

And God looks down and sees that it is good.

W. M. WILKS CALL

March 31, 1923

The Children's Newspaper

7

TWELVE MEN AND A STOWAWAY

EIGHT DAYS IN A STORM

Thrilling Adventures on Board
A Grimsby Trawler

THE WOMEN ON THE QUAY

The adventures of the Grimsby trawler Sargon would supply material for a powerful melodrama.

Her troubles began when she drifted within the three-mile limit on the Murmansk coast, and was almost captured by a Bolshevik gunboat.

Coated with icicles dangling from her spars, she had to flee for her life with her lights out. That danger past, she started homeward with £4000 worth of fish on board, only to encounter something more formidable even than a Bolshevik gunboat—a sort of Bolshevik storm! The sea, scourged by a wild south-westerly gale blowing 80 to 100 miles an hour, ran mountains high, and against such a storm it was impossible to make headway. Tossed about like a cork, the little vessel drifted before the gale, and was carried far north of the Shetland Isles.

A Mighty Hurricane

For eight days the hurricane continued. After a few days fuel gave out, and the crew had to burn the hatches and other wood fittings of the boat to keep the engines going. On the fourth day the stock of provisions was exhausted, for, though the holds were full of fish, the fish had gone bad and were dangerous to eat. The men mixed oil from fish livers with flour sweepings, and made a kind of pudding. They caught seagulls and ate them raw. They skinned a rat and prepared to cook it. They even discussed the question of eating two cats.

To add to their troubles they had now drifted northwards into a region of almost continuous darkness. Famishing, cold, tumbling about in the sea in the dark, ice-coated ship, they huddled up waiting for death.

Rescued at Last

But at the eleventh hour a dramatic rescue came. The disabled trawler was seen by the German boat Schleswig-Holstein, which stood by her for two days and finally tugged the cripple with its crew of 12 men and a stowaway to Iceland. After being re-coaled and re-provisioned there, the vessel proceeded home under its own steam.

Meantime the Sargon had been given up for lost, and her homecoming created scenes of great excitement and enthusiasm. On the quay at Grimsby wives and mothers spent hour after hour with telescopes glued to their eyes watching for the arrival of dear ones miraculously restored to them, and the moment the worn and haggard seamen stepped ashore they were lifted shoulder-high and carried through cheering crowds along streets with waving flags. There must have been very joyous meetings in twelve homes that night.

THE HOMING INSTINCT

Stronger Than Love for the Young

A Surbiton reader gives us an instance in which the homing instinct of pigeons proved stronger than the instinct of parenthood.

We had a pair of homing pigeons brought to us, and we placed them in the garden in an enclosure made with wire netting, with a box to roost in.

After a few weeks two eggs were laid, and one was hatched out. When the young pigeon was a week old we thought it would be safe to give the old birds their freedom. When they were let out they immediately flew away, deserting their young one, and were never seen again.

We fed the young one on hard-boiled egg, chopped fine, and gave it water through a quill, and it has now grown to a fine bird. It is very tame. We have taken it some distance away and liberated it, but, rejecting liberty, it returns home at once.

RUSSIA FREE FROM FAMINE

So promising is the harvest in Russia that it is confidently expected the country will feed its people well next summer, and the supplies now available in Russia for relief make further contributions unnecessary.

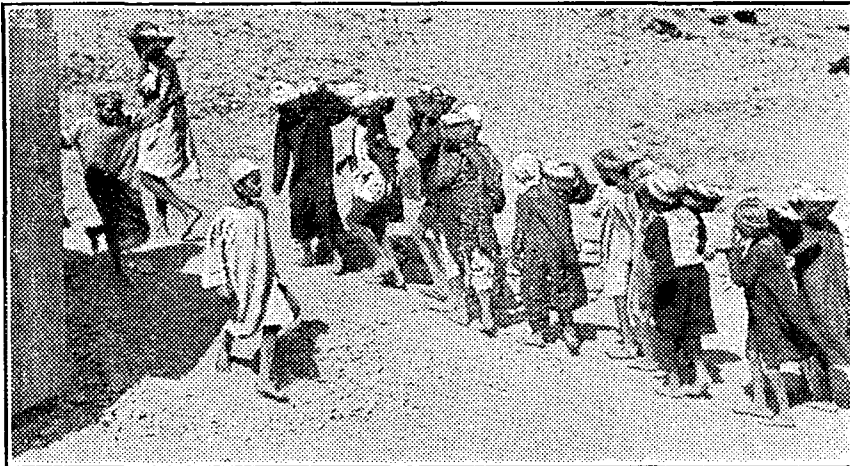
The whole movement has been one of most honourable humanity. Ten million people have been fed. Three agencies stand out specially as active in this good work—the American Relief Fund, the humane enterprise of the Society of Friends, and the energetic help given by Dr. Nansen.

It must be remembered that the saving

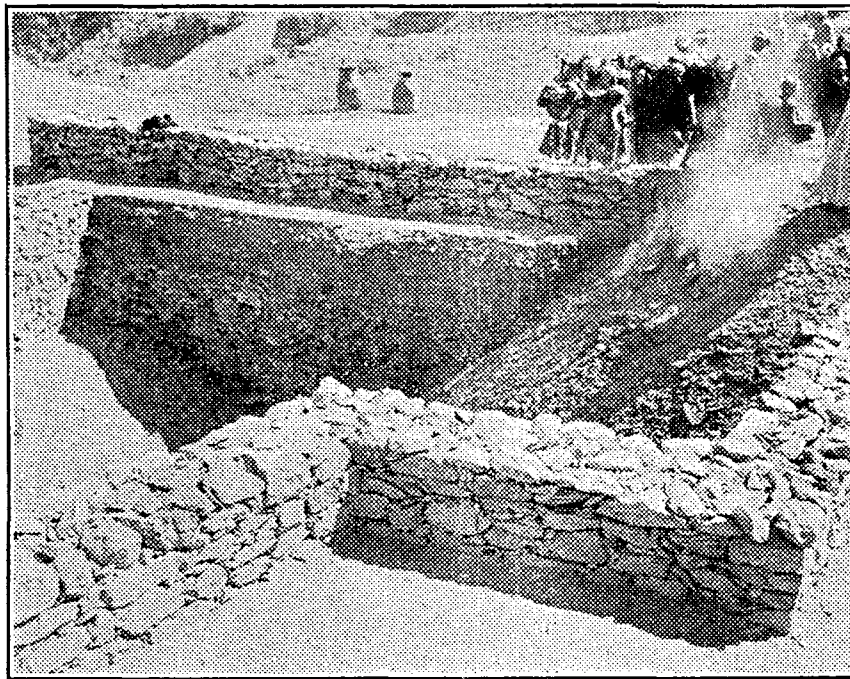
of millions from starvation has been accomplished in spite of the belief that the famine was made far worse, if it was not caused, by the action of the Russian Government. The world at large has been much kinder to Russia than the Russian Government has been.

The American Administration, under Colonel Haskell, is now moving southward to give its help to the Greek refugees. Whatever may be thought of the American Government as an agency of human helpfulness, no one can deny the fine generosity of the American public as it is privately expressed.

SEALING UP THE TOMB



Boys carrying baskets of stones to the tomb



Filling in the entrance to the tomb

Owing to the heat the work of examining Tutankhamen's tomb is suspended till the autumn, and the entrance is being filled up again with about 1700 tons of rock and stone to prevent robbers entering and carrying off the treasures

HEALTHIEST WINTER KNOWN

THE death-rate for the second week of January was only 13 per thousand as compared with nearly 32 per thousand for the same week of 1922; and it is believed that the death-rate for February will be down to about 10 per thousand inhabitants.

In one week in January, 1922, there were 313 deaths from bronchopneumonia; there were 50 during the same week of last January. In one week in January, 1922, there were 140 deaths from consumption, and during the same week of last January there were 84.

These are extraordinary figures, and we may say that this winter has been the healthiest ever known.

How are we to account for the extraordinary healthiness of this winter? It has been a sunless and wet winter, and February was particularly rainy.

It is very difficult to say. No doubt it was partly due to the absence of

influenza, which opens the way for many other diseases, and perhaps it was also partly due to the mild and wet winter.

It used to be said in Scotland that "a green Yule means a fat kirkyard," or that a mild, wet winter means many deaths; but the experience of recent years seems to contradict the saying.

Cold weather is apt to depress the vitality of those who are poorly clad and insufficiently fed, and such folk readily fall victims to various diseases. Damp weather, it is true, also depresses vitality and favours disease; but it lays the dust and purifies the atmosphere, and therefore, though it decreases energy, it may also decrease disease.

We may guess, therefore, that the low death-rate this winter is largely to be attributed to the absence of influenza and to the mild, wet weather; but there have doubtless been other causes not yet understood, for we do not know why influenza has been absent.

A RACE TO THE TOP OF THE WORLD

THE TRAGEDY OF THE MATTERHORN

Most Thrilling Incident in
Alpine Climbing

THE LAST OF THE SEVEN

The death, at the age of 81, of Peter Taugwalder, the last survivor of the party of seven who first climbed the Matterhorn, recalls the tragedy which more than any event drew men to Switzerland to play with death on the Alps.

Sixty years ago climbing was only the sport of a few. Where only dozens climbed then thousands climb now. The Matterhorn more than any other peak challenged men with a defiant air.

The competition to scale the Matterhorn was international. It lifts its lofty head to look down into Switzerland and into Italy. Both countries already had their practised guides at its feet, who were determined to win the honour of the first ascent, and on either side gathered the pick of the young British athletes who were willing to risk their lives.

The Race to the Top

In the Valtournanche, on the Italian side, was the justly famous Italian guide Carrel, and at Zermatt, on the Swiss side, the equally expert Swiss guide Michael Croz, and the question was which would first stand on that dizzy peak. Tyndall had almost succeeded from the Italian side when to the Swiss side came Edward Whymper.

It was Whymper, with Croz, who made the triumphant and fatal climb on July 14, 1865. They were joined by three other British climbers—the Rev. Charles Hudson, who was quite an expert mountaineer; Lord Francis Douglas, who had had considerable experience; and Mr. Hadow, who was a novice at such dangerous work as a first ascent. As second guide went Peter Taugwalder, a guide beyond the prime of life, and his son, young Peter, the man who has just died, accompanied them as porter carrying the food and baggage.

Spirits of the Mountain

The ascent was triumphantly made at the very time that an Italian party was high up the peak on its southern side, and the Italians hastily returned to Breuil with the news that the legend that the Matterhorn was inhabited by demons was true, for they had seen them.

The party began the descent roped together in this order: Michel Croz first, then the inexperienced Hadow, with Hudson next, then Lord Francis Douglas, followed by the elder Taugwalder and Whymper, with young Taugwalder last.

And so they reached a very steep part of the mountain, where the rocks were caked with ice. Here Croz laid aside his axe to assist young Hadow. It was a fatal mistake. Whymper always believed that if the guide had had his axe in his hand he would have struck into the icy slope and held Hadow.

The Tragic Sequel

As it was, Hadow's slip threw Croz from his foothold, and the two fell together, dragging Hudson and Lord Francis from their footholds. Above the falling four old Taugwalder and Whymper had looped the rope round a boss of rock, and as the tug from the falling men tightened on the rock the rope broke on the edge of the rock, and the four doomed men plunged to death 4000 feet below.

It was with difficulty that Whymper completed the descent with the demoralised Swiss. With him he brought the rope, which showed that the elder Taugwalder had tied up between Douglas and himself (Taugwalder) a length of inferior rope, which he (Whymper) thought accounted for the breakage—a point that was never satisfactorily cleared up.

So ended, in disaster and controversy, the mastery of the Matterhorn.

A TRAVELLER'S JOY STORY OF A PRECIOUS GEM

The Remarkable Woman Who
Kept House for William Pitt
SOCIETY QUEEN TURNED
HERMIT

A peer's death the other day brought to mind the fact that his nephew, Earl Stanhope, will some day inherit a family treasure of surpassing interest. It is a miniature set in diamonds, with a history exceeding in worth the gems which surround it.

A far-travelled man, the late Lord Weardale had the strange fortune some years ago, when roaming in Syria, to meet an aged native who had been servant to Lady Hester Stanhope, had been with her at her death, and had preserved all those years the gem which, with its chain of gold, lay on her breast as she breathed her last in the silent chamber on Mount Lebanon.

A Strange Figure

The man, who gave the jewel to Lord Weardale, could not have imagined the interest of the gem he had had so long. It contained a portrait of Sir John Moore, the hero of Corunna, immortalised in the well-known poem which every schoolboy knows—"We buried him darkly at dead of night"; and thereby hangs a tale.

Lady Hester Stanhope was one of the strangest figures in the social and political life of the dawn of the 19th century. She was the daughter of the third Earl Stanhope, an extraordinary genius who, among other inventions, offered the British Government a steam-boat 12 years before we fought Trafalgar with sailing ships! Hester went from the Stanhopes' Kentish home, at Chevening, to keep house for her uncle William Pitt, and became an uncrowned queen.

Home as a Fortress

She was a beauty with a flashing wit, and Pitt adored her. When he was weighted with cares such as England had never known since the Armada, she was the joy of his life, the ruler of his home, the organiser of his banquets. As he lay upon his death-bed one of the last things he said was, "Dear soul, I know she loves me."

She did; and she loved Moore, too. Three years later, in 1809, her brother died with Moore at Corunna. Except her brother and Pitt she had never truly loved any man but Moore. She wore his portrait to the last.

With a pension of £1200 a year she went out into the world, and made a stately pilgrimage to Jerusalem. She was wrecked at Rhodes, and she wandered in the desert and ruled like an empress over an encampment of Bedouin Arabs.

Finally, with a great train of native servants and an English doctor, she settled down in a ruined convent on Mount Lebanon amid semi-savages, converted her home into a fortress, and was regarded as a prophetess by the natives and as a saviour by Europeans who fled to her for refuge during the wars.

Walling Up the Door

In time of peace distinguished men from Europe went out to crave audience of her. Some she received; some she did not. Her expenses outran her income, and she became heavily indebted, but she would not dismiss her servants—"Consider my rank," she would say—till stark necessity drove them away. Then she walled up the entrance to her house, keeping five retainers, and proudly, defiantly, lay down to die like a monarch besieged. She passed away in 1839 with no white person near, and her servants robbed the house of everything except the ornaments she wore.

When help was summoned at last, Europeans buried her in her own garden. The man Lord Weardale met must have been given or have taken the relic of her great love.

THE GRAMMAR OF LIFE

Philosophy of the Hebrew
Verb

HOW A SCHOLAR KNEW
WITHOUT KNOWING

A friend of ours told us this story. A simple man was addressing a school of children, giving them sound advice, and he said to them: "All of you know the verb which says *I am, thou art, he is*; and all of you know that verbs in English, French, German, Italian, and Latin run in that way: *I love, thou lovest, he loves*; or *I walk, thou walkest, he walks*. But how many of you know that this is a very bad way for a verb to run? How many of you know that the old Hebrew people arranged their verbs the other way round—*He is, thou art, I am*?"

Then he said to them: "That is the way to look at life. Say to yourself, looking up to God, *He is*; then look at your neighbour, and say *You are*; last of all think of yourself, and say *I am*. First, God; then your neighbour; then yourself. That is the best way to think and to live."

A Beautiful Thought

Our friend was so struck by this thought that he could not rest until he found a Hebrew scholar able to tell him if it was really true that Hebrew verbs are conjugated in this manner. At last he found his man and asked his question.

"Yes," said the scholar, "that is the way the Hebrew verb is conjugated; why do you ask?" Our friend told his story of the simple man and the little school children.

"Good heavens!" cried the scholar, with a shining face, "I have been studying Hebrew all my life and never once has it occurred to me that Hebrew verbs have that wonderful and beautiful significance!"

He sat for some moments saying "*He is: thou art: I am*. How beautiful! Yes, to be sure: *He is: you are: I am*. Wonderful, wonderful!"

A SHARE IN BOX HILL

A Chance to Do a Decent
Thing

There must be tens of thousands of London children who think of Box Hill, in Surrey, with delight, and many more tens of thousands of grown-ups who remember how they loved it when they were children.

London has a number of beautiful scenes in and around it, all of which ought to be preserved for coming generations to admire, but Box Hill is perhaps the choicest of them all. And now our good friend Country Life is raising a fund to finish off the preservation of the hill for ever.

Much of the hill has already been acquired for lasting preservation and public use. The purchase money of the last 248 acres is £7000, and Country Life has already raised about £4000. Of this sum £1000 has been given by a gentleman living in Brazil, at Rio de Janeiro, and he has promised another £1000 if the money is subscribed by the end of September.

This fine anonymous patriot writes: "I am not a wealthy man, and I work very hard for every thousand pounds I earn, but *I want to help decent things to be done in England*."

How very decent that is! And who would not like to join in such an act? Who would not like to have some share in Box Hill? The Editor of Country Life wishes to ask our children whether they would not be proud to think in years to come that they had given something toward keeping Box Hill lovely for ever.

It is indeed a fine object, and has our heartiest sympathy.

THE MECHANICAL MOLE

Machine that Finds its
Way Inside the Earth

A WONDERFUL SAVER OF
TIME AND LABOUR

A remarkable new machine for boring tunnels has been invented by a Philadelphia man, and recent tests have given wonderful results.

Tunnelling has always been an expensive and slow operation, for as soon as earth has been removed the sides and roof have had to be shored up before the permanent walls could be built. But with this new invention the operations of boring and building the walls are performed in one, and so braces and shoring are entirely done away with.

First of all a hole has to be dug large enough to receive the apparatus, but when the required depth is reached all is plain sailing, and boring begins.

The apparatus consists of a tunnel shield, or tube-like arrangement, which has a boring head and a tail which rotates. These are both driven by a powerful motor, and the boring head may be driven in any desired direction. Two large fins on the outside of the shield cut into the earth, and so stabilise the apparatus.

As the earth is removed by the boring head it is thrown on to a conveyer, which in turn takes it to the rear of the apparatus and deposits it in a truck, in which it is removed.

Lining the Tunnel

Now there comes into play the special feature of the new invention, which is the lining of the tunnel with concrete blocks without first having to shore up the portion that has been dug.

The tunnel shield is giving the support required, and the revolving tail causes an advancing gap to appear, through which the concrete blocks may be placed in position. These are placed in spiral courses, and as the tail rotates it forces the shield ahead screw-wise, at the same time forcing the lining-blocks out to fill the actual space that has been passed.

In a recent test a tunnel 52 inches wide and 18 feet 8 inches long was dug and lined complete with concrete bricks in four hours, with the help of only eight men. The same amount of work done by ordinary methods would have taken several men a number of days.

AN ANGEL OF MERCY

The Swedish Florence
Nightingale

A lady, Miss Elsa Brändström, daughter of General Brändström, once Swedish Minister in Petrograd, has been proposed for the Nobel Peace Prize this year, and certainly she seems to deserve such recognition of her noble work.

At an early age Miss Brändström began to work in Swedish hospitals at Petrograd, and when the war broke out she joined the Red Cross and worked among prisoners of war both in the Russian capital and in Siberia. Her work in Siberia was specially noble, for she visited difficult and dangerous places, and worked through epidemics of typhoid and other diseases. So devoted were her labours that the prisoners of war called her Queen of Siberia, Guardian Angel, and Swedish Nightingale.

Even after the revolution she persevered in her good work in Russia, and once, when captured by the revolutionaries, she had to swallow pages of her diary to prevent valuable information falling into the hands of the enemy.

On one occasion she saved the lives of some prisoners by pleading for them before a military court.

Since the war she has lectured for philanthropic objects both in Sweden and the United States, and has published her nursing experiences in a book entitled "Among Prisoners of War in Siberia."

This plucky woman is also one of the founders of the International League of Peace and Freedom.

THE OLD, OLD WONDERS

VANISHED GLORIES OF
THE WORLD

Brought Together in a Great
New Book

TUTANKHAMEN'S TOMB IN
COLOUR

How many of us realise the wonderful skill and craftsmanship of the vanished races who flourished in the far-off days before the coming of Christ? How many of us know the beauty and glory of those monuments of which ruins only are left to us today?

The amazing discoveries in the tomb of Tutankhamen in the Valley of the Kings have helped to teach us that the study of antiquity has been too long neglected; and now an opportunity comes to gain a rapid insight into the marvels of long ago through the medium of one of the most beautifully illustrated part publications ever produced. Wonders of the Past is the title of this new work, which is edited by Mr. J. A. Hammerton, one of the Editor's colleagues in the original production of the Children's Encyclopedia. Mr. Hammerton's name is in itself a guarantee of the attractiveness of the new work.

The Old World Lives Again

Published fortnightly, every other Tuesday, Wonders of the Past will tell a wonder story of unsurpassable variety. There will be nothing of the dull historical record about it, but it will be a vivid survey of all those matchless relics of vanished civilisations which years of patient research have rescued for our education and delight.

Wonder cities of the ancient world will be reconstructed as they appeared in the heyday of their builders; monuments and ruins will be pictured by an almost endless pageant of photographs.

As a pictorial pageant of antiquarian discovery this work has never been equalled, and all who buy it will be fortunate in having such a splendid publication as their guide and mentor through the marvels of the past. The pomp of the Pharaohs in the time of Moses; the wonder cities of Babylon, Nineveh, Antioch, Tyre, and Sidon, and many others equally historic; and the enduring glories of Jerusalem and the Holy Land will all be dealt with.

Tutankhamen's Tomb in Colour

In the early parts the wonderful story of Lord Carnarvon's Luxor excavations at the treasure tomb of Tutankhamen will be told and illustrated with a wealth of photographs, thus placing on record for the first time in permanent and beautiful form the full account of the most amazing discovery of our era.

Part 1 contains three superb full-page colour photos of Tutankhamen's tomb, the first colour pictures ever issued of this new old wonder of the world; and there is also a big photogravure panoramic view of the wonder city of Timgad, in North Africa, the finest Roman remains in the world. There is a coloured plate of the tomb of Mausolus at Halicarnassus, showing it as it must have appeared when first built.

The price of each part is 1s. 3d., and the work will be complete in 24 parts

In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest.

Pair of Louis XVI inlaid cabinets	£15,435
Portrait of George IV by Reynolds	£6825
Four Flemish tapestries	£4410
Three poems by Marlow	£2300
Village scene by S. Van Ruysdael	£1680
Certain Sonnets by R. Barfield	£1550
Farm scene by I. Van Ostade	£1470
Pair of Chippendale chairs	£700
Waterford cut-glass chandelier	£504
Large Chinese porcelain vase	£441
Pair of Chelsea candlesticks	£152
Queen Anne walnut chair	£136
Six Chinese porcelain salt-cellers	£33

THE WEEK IN GEOGRAPHY

BAGDAD

THE ONCE SPLENDID CITY OF HAROUN-AL-RASCHID

In the great days of the Caliph Haroun-al-Raschid, when Bagdad was one of the finest cities in the world, with a population of 2,000,000 if travellers' tales can be believed, it was fabled that, by the use of a magic carpet, it was possible to fly to wherever one wished to be.

Well, over 1100 years have passed and something like that has really happened.

Sir Percy Cox, the British representative in Bagdad, wanting to come quickly to London to advise our Government about the much-talked-of affairs of Mesopotamia, where Bagdad, its capital, is again becoming important, has flown right over the slow desert and mountainous parts of his journey till he could take a fast train. We know how he has done it—by aeroplane—and are not much astonished. But the believers in the magic carpet would have been.

Bagdad the Magnificent

There is now an Arab king in Bagdad; but Sir Percy Cox is the man behind the throne. Once more Bagdad is one of the places that is constantly in the newspapers. What do we know about it?

From out of the dim ages, when our Northern Europe was struggling slowly into civilisation, Bagdad shines as a mighty centre of wealth and power, splendour and learning. It was the chief city of the Mohammedan world when Mohammedanism seemed likely to be the ruling force of all the Earth.

How are the mighty fallen! It seems hard for those who have seen Bagdad as it is to believe it ever was what its admirers a thousand years ago said it was—a kind of gorgeous earthly paradise. Then from Bagdad, within its lofty brick walls, astride the River Tigris, a fine navigable canal crossed what is now a barren desert westward to the Euphrates, and all the way down to the point where the Euphrates and Tigris join, above Basra, the Mesopotamian plain was criss-crossed with canals, and was one of the most fertile of regions.

The City of Gardens

And still it is in style one of the most interesting cities of the immemorial East. As it is approached it seems a tree-clad place in the midst of a treeless desert. That is because its residential parts are mapped out into fruit-growing gardens around its flat-roofed houses, which from the outside look as dull as an English barn.

Its thoroughfares are a jumble of lanes and alleys, filled with life strange to Western eyes. So, whenever the East is pictured on the stage, it is Bagdad that is copied.

But Bagdad, though fallen from the fabled greatness of long ago, has been rising in the scale of prosperity of late. It now has 200,000 inhabitants, perhaps 250,000, and is the chief centre of trade for a country that is learning how to be independent.

On the Great Trade Routes

Bagdad is not a magnificent place. Its fine buildings are few. But it will always have considerable importance, perhaps growing in the future, for it is on one of the world's natural highways of trade, where the land routes of Northern Arabia and Western Persia meet the water routes of Northern Mesopotamia and the Persian Gulf; and soon the through railway will be there, for only about 150 miles of its parts have to be linked up, and the Indian Ocean and the Mediterranean will be brought together along the iron road.

Bagdad exports wool, hides, dates, carpets, and some leather, and buys and sells far and near all kinds of manufactured wares from the ingenious West.

Since the palmy days of the city, when Mohammedanism was fresh and vigorous, Bagdad has been captured by Mongols, by Persians, and by Turks. Her last conquest was by the British, who are still standing by her to see if they can afford to raise her into being the prosperous capital of the Arab race.

C.N. QUESTION BOX

All questions must be asked on postcards, and not more than one question should be written on each card. The name and address of the sender must be given.

When were Tomatoes Introduced into England?

Tomatoes were first introduced into England in 1596.

Why Does a Gas Ring Pop on Being Turned Out?

As the gas ceases to come out in force the air gets into the openings, and air mixed with coal gas is explosive. Hence the pop.

How Wide is the Equator?

The Equator is not a real thing at all. It is an imaginary line running round the Earth midway between the poles, and cannot therefore be said to have any width.

How Did Big Ben Get its Name?

The large bell at Westminster, weighing 13½ tons, is named after Sir Benjamin Hall, Chief Commissioner of Works, when the bell was cast in 1856. The clock is called after the bell.

Could a Diver Live at the Bottom of the Deepest Ocean?

No, he would be crushed to death. The greatest depth so far reached by a diver is 210 feet, but very few can work at depths of 150 feet.

Who Invented the First Motor Car?

Credit is generally given to a Frenchman Nicolas Cugnot, who, in 1769 conducted experiments with a steam carriage, but the real inventor of the modern petrol motor-car was Gottlieb Daimler, who made a car in 1884.

Why Do Some Kettles Sing and Others Not?

The singing is caused by the escape of steam through a hole or narrow opening, the force causing the kettle to vibrate and throw out sound waves. Sometimes the steam escapes with less force, or the construction of the kettle makes vibration more difficult, and there is no singing.

How Did the House of Orange get its Name?

From the town of Orange in France, a few miles from Avignon. This was originally the centre of a principality of that name, which in the sixteenth century passed to the House of Nassau, and gave its name to the family that afterwards ruled in the Netherlands.

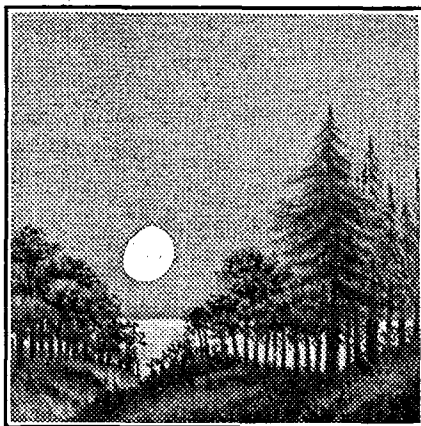
What is the Quotation about Passing Through this World but Once?

"I expect to pass through this world but once. Any good, therefore, that I can do, or any kindness that I can show to my fellow creatures, let me do it now. Let me not defer or neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again." The author is unknown, although the saying is attributed to many.

What Does S.O.S. Mean?

These letters tapped out in the Morse code were decided upon as the signal of distress to be sent out by ships at sea, because they were easily sent and could not be mistaken for any other letters. S is three dots and O is three dashes. They had no meaning, but they have since been interpreted as the initials of Save Our Souls, and also of Send Out Succour.

THE MOON NEXT WEEK



The moon at midnight on April 3

How Many Species of Crocodiles are There?

The genres of the family number six, and include eighteen species.

Why do we get Pins and Needles?

This curious sensation is caused by continued pressure on one or other of the nerves, but the exact reason for it is not properly understood.

Are there Ranges in Asia that May Contain a Higher Peak than Everest?

Everest is the highest peak measured so far, but there may be higher. An explorer in Tibet recently saw a mountain that he believes is higher.

Is the Robin a Finch?

No; the finches belong to the family of Fringillidae, and the robin redbreast to the family of Turdidae, which includes the thrushes, ouzels, nightingales, and redstarts.

Why is the Mediterranean Tideless?

There are tides in the Mediterranean, but they are so slight that they cannot usually be recognised. This is due to winds and other disturbing causes. Tides in the great American lakes and Caspian Sea are similarly almost imperceptible.

What is the Meaning of the Phrase "The King Can do no Wrong"?

This means that the sovereign can do nothing except by and with the advice and consent of his ministers, and so is not personally responsible for acts done in his name.

How do Fish Get into the Water of Disused Quarries?

Either they must be washed there when small by overflowing streams above, or they are carried through cracks in the earth with water that percolates through from stream or pond.

What is Pain?

Pain, which is the reverse of pleasure, is suffering of mind or body. The word comes from a Latin word meaning penalty, and the idea is that pain is a penalty, not necessarily of conscious wrong-doing but of some violation of natural law.

What is the Origin of Brussels Sprouts?

The Brussels sprout has been developed from the wild cabbage, plants that produce a bud-like cluster of leaves on the axil of each leaf being selected and bred from. The name is due to the fact that these plants at one time came from Belgium.

Which Fish Lives the Longest?

Professor Metchnikoff says eels live 60 years, salmon a century, and pike longer still. A pike caught in 1300 is said to have lived 267 years afterwards. Carp are equally long-lived. Those in the lakes at Fontainebleau and Chantilly are said to be centuries old.

What Size is a Full-grown Whale?

The largest whales are the Sperm whale and the Right whale, which often measure sixty feet and yield as much as 280 barrels of oil and 3000 pounds of baleen, or whalebone. A whale caught off the British coast some years ago was 95 feet long and weighed 249 tons, but they are never found as big as that in these days.

Why Does a Red Sky in the Morning Generally Mean Bad Weather?

It means that the higher regions of the air are laden with vapour, which refracts the red rays of light, bending them towards our eye. The vapour is generally on the point of condensation, the heat of the rising sun being insufficient to disperse it; later it falls as rain.

Must Fish Come to the Surface to Breathe?

Curious as it may seem, a fish, though it needs air, must die if it gets into the air. The reason is that to breathe air lungs are necessary, and a fish has no lungs. Instead it has gills, which enable it to take in air that is dissolved in the water, and therefore it does not have to come to the surface to get air.

SATURN IN THE MOONLIGHT

PLANET'S BRIGHTNESS DIMMED

Ringed World Passes Over the Top of the Moon

GLOBE AS BIG AS 760 EARTHS

By Our Astronomical Correspondent

Next Sunday evening, April 1, Saturn may be seen unusually close to the Moon, but, as the Moon will be at the full, the planet will, in consequence, appear very much dimmed in the blaze of moonlight.

By 11.30 p.m., Greenwich time, Saturn will be seen to be less than the Moon's apparent width above our satellite, which will be very high up and due south at this time. Earlier in the evening Saturn will be found a little to the left of the Moon, and at nine p.m. about twice the Moon's diameter away.

It will be interesting to note the gradual progress of our satellite toward the planet, when it will be seen that the Moon moves about as far as her own width in an hour, or a little over 2000 miles an hour.

The Moon Hides a World

The brilliant first-magnitude star Spica will be noticed not far below the Moon, and also much dimmed by her radiance. As the evening advances our satellite will gradually get between these two. If we were living in the southern regions of the Earth, say anywhere in Cape Colony or Natal, we should see an occultation of Saturn—that is, the Moon would pass in front of the planet and hide him for over an hour. Seen through a telescope this would be an exceedingly interesting sight, as Saturn, with his rings and moons, passed like a setting sun behind the lunar mountains.

Unfortunately the fact that we are, *angularly*, some 6000 miles above Cape Town, enables us, as it were, to see Saturn pass over the top of the Moon on this occasion. This would not be possible were not the Moon relatively very near to us compared with Saturn; for, whereas she is but 220 thousand miles away, Saturn is nearly 804 million miles away, or 3650 times as far as the Moon, and 135,000 times as far as the angular distance of Cape Town.

How the Sun's Distance is Found

As a tree that is near to us appears to shift its position relatively to distant objects when we step a few paces to the right or left of it, so does the Moon appear to shift relative to Saturn when we "step" across the Earth for a few thousand miles.

This illustrates the principle by which the distances of the Sun and planets are found so accurately, and, as a consequence, their sizes also; for it is known exactly how large a body of a certain size would appear when seen at any particular distance.

Saturn will be at his nearest to the Earth by the end of the week, Saturday, April 7, when, in the absence of the Moon, he will appear much brighter. He will then be 803,725,000 miles away, nearly nine times as far off as the Sun.

The Rings of Saturn

During the next four months this splendid planet will be a most interesting feature of the evening sky, for he is getting brighter than he has appeared during the last three or four years.

This is due to his wonderful ring system, which, owing to its increasing tilt relative to the Earth, is opening out, as astronomers say, and we are seeing the rings less edgewise every year. Of the ten moons possessed by this great far-off world it is interesting to note that Titan has a diameter half as large again as our Moon, while Iapetus is about the same size, a little over 2000 miles in diameter. Saturn himself is an immense globe, large enough to contain 38,000 moons the size of ours or to envelop 760 Earths.

G. F. M.

THREE BOYS AND A BOAT

An Exciting Adventure
in the Lonely Highlands

: : Told by
Vernon Bruce

CHAPTER 26

In the Dungeon

It often takes a crisis to reveal a man in his true colours, and this was certainly the case with Professor Debenham.

As the first bullet from the oncoming boat was followed in rapid succession by two more shots, striking the rock immediately above with a vicious clang, his lethargy seemed to fall from him like a cloak.

"Into the boat with you," he ordered Ian. "I want you to help me to dismantle the vulnerable parts. Keep your head well down and you will be under cover. You others," he added, turning to Freckles and Rupert, "will shelter behind the keel. You will be safe from everything except a possible ricochet."

"When we hand out the parts to you, run as hard as you can up the path to the castle, and wait for us there. Don't go together, though; it's easier to hit two figures than one, so keep well apart."

The Professor thereupon scrambled hastily into the boat as a salvo of shots rang out, and, with Ian's help, got to work with such good effect that within two minutes Rupert and Freckles, their hearts beating wildly with excitement, were speeding on their way toward the castle and safety.

"Now," said the Professor, turning to Ian and mopping the perspiration from his brow, "we must take our chance. You creep up into the bows and wait for the word to go. I'm going to endeavour to draw their fire."

So saying, he removed his hat, and, placing it on the end of a long spanner, raised it above the level of the boat.

Its appearance was greeted with a burst of fire from the boat, and at the same instant the Professor gave the word to Ian, who leaped out and raced up the path, followed by his host.

Fortune favoured them, for, though the bullets of their pursuers spattered about them, they eventually stumbled, gasping but safe, into the arms of Rupert and Freckles, who were anxiously awaiting them within the ruins.

"Follow me now," ordered the Professor as soon as he had regained his breath. "We will hide in the dungeons till Bolvido and his precious friends have cleared off. Great Aristotle! They'll find we are not so easily trapped as they imagine."

Fumbling in his pocket, he produced an electric torch, and made his way slowly down a flight of worn, damp steps that led to the lower regions of the castle.

He led the way over the rough stones, flashing his torch before him, till they came to a large boulder standing in a corner. Exerting his strength, the Professor pushed against it. It rolled slightly over, revealing a narrow opening into which the Professor crawled, followed by the chums.

"They will never find us here," whispered the Professor. "It is a little passage that leads out to the other side of the castle down by the shore, and as far as I know is known only to myself and one or two old villagers. If Bolvido and his men accidentally come across the opening we have our line of retreat open to us."

However, the minutes went by and no sound of their pursuers reached the little party. Rupert, on whom the enforced activity was beginning to tell, turned to the Professor.

"I'm sure they must have gone now, sir," he insisted. "Can't we get out of this?"

"We ought to give them a little longer," answered the Professor.

"It would never do if we walked straight out into their arms."

"I tell you what, then," Rupert interjected. "You stop here and I'll go and have a spy round. If the coast is clear I'll come and give you the tip. If they are still here it will be easy enough to dodge them in the dark."

"But you'll never be able to find your way out without a light," objected the Professor.

"Don't worry on that account, sir. I've got a jolly good sense of direction."

CHAPTER 27

Where is Rupert?

TEN minutes had elapsed since Rupert had departed on his self-imposed quest, and Ian was on the brink of proposing a general move when the sound of approaching footsteps choked the words in his throat.

Breathlessly the little party strained their ears as the footsteps drew nearer, trying to recognise if they belonged to the returning Rupert or to one of their pursuers. Their doubts, however, were soon set at rest when a voice, appearing to come from almost over their heads, called out:

"It is quite useless hunting round here with no proper lights. Matches are useless in a huge place like this."

A rumble of assent came from the far side of the dungeon.

"That was Bolvido speaking," whispered Freckles. "It looks as though Rupert had managed to dodge them all right."

"Hush!" murmured the Professor, as Bolvido continued:

"Hurry up and get out of this. Our shots may have attracted attention, and we don't want to arouse any unnecessary suspicion on shore. If any questions are asked we were shooting at gulls for a little sport. Do you understand?"

"Right you are, captain," came back an answering voice. "Shall we get off to the boat now?"

"Yes; and look sharp," replied Bolvido. "I've been in this damp hole too long already."

The men could be heard fumbling their way up the worn stone steps, and a few moments later silence reigned once more.

"We'd better see that they really do clear off," whispered Ian, setting off down the narrow passage. "From what you say, sir, we ought to get a glimpse of their boat from the other end."

"That is so," agreed the Professor, handing Ian his electric torch. "Go carefully and, whatever you do, don't pop your head out of the entrance too quickly. We've had quite enough shooting for one day."

A few moments later a tiny gleam of daylight penetrated the narrow walls of the tunnel, and soon the little party were crouching among the rocks near the foreshore, among which the entrance was so cunningly concealed.

"All right, sir. The coast is clear," cried Ian, peering cautiously over the top of a big boulder. "They've started off. Look! There they are," and he pointed to the loch, where the motor-boat belonging to Bolvido was well under way.

"It's lucky that they did not spot Rupert," Ian remarked.

Crossing to the head of the dungeon steps the boys gave a lusty shout, but there was no answering cry.

"Rupert must have gone deaf," Freckles grumbled, when their second effort met with no greater success.

"It's quite possible he may have lost his way in one of the underground passages," suggested the Professor. "If you will accompany me we will go down and bring the adventurer back to the upper air."

"Right you are, sir," said Ian, handing back the electric torch. "You know the dungeons better than we do, so perhaps you will lead the way."

At the bottom of the steps the Professor turned to the two boys.

"We'll just give a shout before we start, and if Rupert is anywhere near he will know where we are."

Suiting the action to the word he placed his hands to his mouth and gave a lusty bellow, in which the two boys joined with a will. Again they shouted, and yet again, but no answering call greeted their efforts.

The Professor shrugged his shoulders resignedly.

"It looks as though we shall be obliged to make a systematic search of the place after all," he sighed. "Come along. Keep close to me. It's bad enough to have lost one of our party; we don't want to find any more of you missing."

For over an hour the party searched every passage and room without success.

"You don't think he might have slipped past the men when they came down, and is hiding in the upper part of the castle?" suggested Freckles.

"We can at least look," the Professor was beginning, when Ian held up his hand. "Hark!" he cried. "Someone's coming down the steps."

In the ensuing silence the sound of footsteps could be heard quite plainly on the stairs.

"Is that you, Rupert?" shouted Freckles.

"Nay, 'tis me," answered a voice they recognised, and Angus appeared at the foot of the steps, where he stood blinking in the light of the Professor's torch.

CHAPTER 28

Who is the Thief?

"WHAT EVER are you doing here?" cried the Professor, staring at him in astonishment.

"I saw them artist fellows leaving the island," explained Angus, "so I fetched my spy glass for tae see what mischief they was up tae. Then I saw your boat out here, and fearin' they might hae done ye some hurt I got out the wee skiff and rowed across. I've been speerin' for ye in the auld castle, but didna see ye, so came doon here for tae search for ye."

"That was very good of you, my man," the Professor replied. "But tell me," he added anxiously, "did you see Mr. Rupert up there anywhere?"

Angus confessed he had seen no trace of the boy, and, on hearing that he was not to be found, shook his head.

"Mebbe he smuggled himself aboard the ither boat," he hazarded.



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"When we gang back we shall find him safe up at the hoose, like as not."

"Well, he certainly does not appear to be here," said the Professor doubtfully. "We will have our final search here before we go back."

However, no trace of the missing Rupert was to be found, and finally the party were forced to relinquish their efforts. Carrying the parts they had removed from the motor-boat down to the skiff, they boarded her, and Angus, taking up the oars, pulled steadily through the choppy water toward the other shore.

"If we don't find Rupert over on the mainland," announced the Professor, "we will organise a proper search-party in the morning and tow the motor-boat back with us on our return. I don't at all like the prospect of leaving the boy alone on the island for the night, but we are in no state to prosecute a vigorous search tonight, and, with properly organised assistance, we ought to find him in no time in the morning. I cannot help thinking," he added, "he may be waiting at the house for us, as Angus has suggested."

On reaching the boat-house the Professor locked up the parts they had brought back with them, and hurried up to the house where, to their consternation, they found that nothing had been seen of Rupert.

Ian and Freckles were all for returning to the island that night, but, as they were nearly dropping from exhaustion, the Professor would not hear of it, and ordered them to bed early, so that they could be fresh for the search at daybreak.

After a dismal supper, at which the Professor did not join them, they repaired to his study to bid him good-night.

"Just fetch me the lamp before you go up," he requested Ian, pointing to the standard lamp in which the secret plans were hidden. "I just want to make sure they are still safe."

Ian fetched the lamp and began to unscrew the false bottom. Suddenly a warning nudge from Freckles made him spin round. There, in the doorway, watching the operation with eager eyes, stood Angus.

"What do you want, man?" cried the Professor, as Ian calmly replaced the lamp, remarking, "I think you'll find the wick all right now, sir."

The Professor, taking the cue, addressed a few words of thanks to him, and turned once more to Angus, who was standing quietly in the door, to all intents blissfully unconscious that anything unusual had occurred.

"You told me tae tell ye whin I had completed organising the search-party, sir," he announced. "Forty men I've got. We'll be ready at daybreak, sir."

"All right," nodded the Professor. "Good-night."

When Angus had withdrawn, he turned to the others.

"Do you think the fellow saw anything?" he asked.

"I'm sure he didn't, sir," replied Freckles. "I was facing the door, and saw him the moment he came in. Besides, Ian had his back to him and had not finished unscrewing the false bottom."

"I am of the same opinion," agreed the Professor. "It seems quite impossible that he could have seen anything, and remember," he added, with a smile, "I don't regard Angus as the villain that you young fellows do. And now, off to bed with you. You've a trying day before you."

Despite their anxiety the boys were so worn out that scarcely had they climbed into bed than they were sound asleep, and did not stir till they were called.

As they were dressing in the darkness of the early morning the bedroom door burst open, and the Professor, scantily clothed and dishevelled, burst into the room.

Clutching at a chair for support, he gasped out:

"Hurry up, and come down. Angus is missing, and the plans have gone!"

TO BE CONTINUED

Five-Minute Story

Finder Rewarded

HAROLD FIELDING had been spending the afternoon with his chum, Jimmie Wyatt.

They had had a most exciting time planning a model railway which Jimmie was fitting up. He meant to have it as perfect as possible, and was looking forward to a trip to town next day to buy the various parts. He would not, of course, be able to have every detail exact, for that would need quite double the money.

The next morning Jimmie was surprised to receive a letter in his chum's handwriting.

Did you by any chance (wrote Harold) pick up two pound notes folded up one inside the other? I had them when I came to see you yesterday, but I've looked and looked here and can't find them. Would you let me know as soon as possible if you have found them? If not I must have dropped them on the way home. It's hard luck, for it's the first money I've had for ages.

After searching for the notes for a long time without success Jimmie started off for his friend's house.

"No, the money has not been found, and the house has been turned upside down," said poor Harold, whose last remaining hope was crushed when he caught sight of Jimmie's face.

Jimmie did his best to cheer him up, and went off home again wondering what he could do to assist his chum.

If only he could make the lost notes good, but all he had were the two pound notes that he was keeping for the model railway. He had meant to catch the mid-day train.

About a quarter of an hour before his train started he ran to Annie, the maid, pushed two pound notes into her hand, and asked her to take them at once to the Fieldings' house and give them to Harold.

"Shall I give any message?" asked Annie. But Jimmie shook his head.

"He will understand," he said. Then he settled himself by the fire with a book.

Two or three days afterwards another letter came for Jimmie. It was from his chum, and, when he opened it, out dropped four new pound notes!

You dear old hero (wrote Harold). I return your two pounds. I found mine in the lining of my coat. My Uncle Tom is staying with us, and he was so pleased when I told him what you did that he insisted on stumping up another two pounds to double it.

Jimmie's mother narrowly escaped being strangled as he threw his arms round her neck in his excitement.

"I'm going up to town," he shouted, "to get everything for the model railway."

But he did better: he took his chum along with him, and they both spent several interesting hours in choosing the parts for what became a very elaborate model railway.



Now Spring Comes Laughing by Vale and Hill



D! MERRYMAN

THE schoolmaster was explaining the first principles of geometry to a class of small boys, so he drew two parallel lines on a blackboard on the wall.

"Now if I draw those lines out to any length," he said, "will they ever meet?"

"Yes, sir," replied a bright boy, "if you draw them right round the room."

Is Your Name Gorst?

THIS is merely a changed form of Gorse, and the early ancestors of people with the name of Gorst probably lived near a place where gorse grew freely, and so came to be described as John or William by the Gorse. This, in course of time, developed into the surname Gorst, and then into Gorst.

WHEN is an artist dangerous?

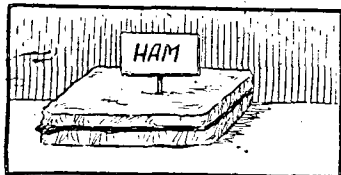
When he draws a weapon and his designs are bad.

Why?

JOHNNY looked up with a puzzled expression from the book he was reading.

"Daddy," he said, "here is a thing I never thought of, before. Why is it that the baby fishes don't drown before they learn how to swim?"

Do You Live Here?



What town does this picture represent? Solution next week

WHY is O the noisiest of the vowels?

Because it is indispensable to a loud noise, and all the other vowels are inaudible.

How Many Stairs?

GEORGE was an energetic boy, and he was in the habit of running upstairs. He noticed in connection with one flight of stairs that when he went up two steps at a time there was an odd stair over. He then went up three steps at a time, and found two over. On trying four steps at a time there were three over.

There were between twenty and thirty steps altogether. What was the exact number? Solution next week

WHY did the penny stamp?

Because the threepenny bit.

Wet Weather
THERE was an old skipper of Skye
Whose eyes hardly ever were
dry;
At each change of weather
He'd shake like a feather,
Then sit down and have a good cry.

Science or Supper?



PROFESSOR WINGLEY: "Now, which shall I do—study or eat?"

What Are We?

WE are airy little creatures,
All of different forms and
features;
One of us in glass is set,
One of us you'll find in jet,
A third you'll find in tin,
A fourth a box within.
If the fifth you should pursue,
It can never fly from you.

Answer next week

How can you double your capital?
By making one pound two
every day.

Not Better Than London

A YOUNG Londoner who had never before been far from home, went to Scotland on a visit to a friend in Edinburgh. The Londoner, however, thought that everything he saw compared unfavourably with his great city home, so his host took him on a tour through the Highlands.

At the conclusion of the trip the Scotsman, wishing to know if his visitor had been impressed, said: "Now, what do you think of Scotland? Are not our mountains and glens and lakes more beautiful than anything you have ever seen?"

"Well," replied the Londoner cautiously, "they are certainly not bad for the provinces!"

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

What Are We?

The letters of the alphabet. Twenty has six letters, six has three letters, and so on.

A Riddle in Rhyme

Emperor Who Was He?

The Poet Doctor was Schiller

Jacko Has a Music Lesson

ONE day when Jacko came home from school his Mother said: "Go into the parlour and see what's come." Jacko thought: "It must be that bird's-egg cabinet I've been longing for."

He dashed into the room. Then his face fell. There stood an upright piano.

"Isn't it handsome?" said Mrs. Jacko, over his shoulder. "Your father got it cheap at a sale."

"I don't much care about pianos," replied Jacko sulkily.

"Ah, but you will when you can play!" said Father Jacko from the hall.

"I don't want to play," cried Jacko hastily.

"Well, you're going to," announced his father.

Jacko was furious: he had far too many lessons already, in his opinion. But his opinion was not asked. Next day, he was made to scrub his hands in honour of the music mistress.

Miss Bingley was a kind, patient teacher, but Jacko was a heart-breaking pupil. He took no interest in the lessons and would not practise. He always sat through the lesson with a sullen expression, and banged down his fingers on the notes without much caring whether they were right or wrong.

What annoyed Jacko most was that he had a music-lesson on Saturday afternoon, which spoilt his half-holiday. One day,



Jacko didn't care if the notes were right or wrong

when he particularly wanted to go to a football match, he determined that he'd have no more of it.

When he sat down by his teacher she said: "Play your scales first, please."

Jacko ran his fingers down the keys, but no sound came.

"What can be the matter?" cried Miss Bingley, getting up. She tried to lift the top of the piano to see inside, but it would not budge.

"Something is very wrong," she said. "You had better ask your father to get someone from the music-shop to see about it. Of course we can't have our lesson today."

"What a pity!" murmured Jacko. And half an hour later he was racing across the football ground.

But, unfortunately for him, Miss Bingley met his father in the town and told him what had happened.

When Mr. Jacko got home he had a good look at that piano, and it didn't take him long to discover the cause of the trouble. What he found nearly made his hair stand on end.

The lid of the top had been glued down, and all the inside was stuffed with pillows and blankets, so that the little note-hammers could not work.

It is easy to guess what kind of welcome Jacko received when he got home that day. It hurt.

After that he had no more lessons from Miss Bingley. His new teacher was a man who used a long ruler, which he found very useful to beat time—and the knuckles of careless boys who would not practise.

Those Who Come and Those Who Go

How many people are born in your town and how many die? Here are the figures for five weeks in 12 towns

TOWN	BIRTHS 1923	BIRTHS 1922	DEATHS 1923	DEATHS 1922
London	9147	9895	5202	7586
Glasgow	2694	2929	1464	2607
Birmingham	1865	1719	1046	1569
Belfast	1035	1148	559	1039
Dublin	982	1187	604	905
Edinburgh	913	967	671	979
Leeds	884	970	680	759
Cardiff	518	573	261	472
Sunderland	416	554	263	406
Plymouth	395	451	253	393
Norwich	247	254	139	257
Chester	58	89	44	87

The five weeks are up to March 3, 1923

Ici on Parle Français



Le biscuit Le plongeur La plume
A qui donnera-t-on le biscuit?
Le plongeur travaille dans l'eau
Le paon a perdu sa belle plume.



Le bol Le boulanger La fougère
Nous allons boire un bol de lait
Le boulanger apporte le pain
La fougère pousse au bord de l'eau

Tales Before Bedtime

The Easter Egg

JEAN and Joan were twins. They sat on the garden seat, their heads very close together, talking in whispers.

Jean said: "It won't hurt, will it?"

And Joan answered: "No, not a bit, because—"

And their heads got closer together than ever, and they whispered even more softly.

It was the day before Easter, and they were making a great surprise for their brother Paul.

Paul was four; the twins were big; they were seven.

When the whispering was finished Jean and Joan were very busy. They collected a box and cardboard and paint and all sorts of things, and they carried them all up into the attic, and made a great mess on the floor.

After a time they cleared the mess up, and put a box away into a cupboard. Then they went downstairs, and nothing more happened that day.

But the next was Easter Sunday, and Jean and Joan knew that there would be Easter eggs on the breakfast table. They bustled up and disappeared. The gong rang, and everyone hurried to table.

There were eggs for all—such beauties, and everyone was saying "How lovely," when in walked Jean and Joan with a box for Paul.

He had looked at his chocolate egg, and even nibbled a little bit off it, so he turned gladly to his surprise.

"Open it! Open it!" the twins cried, and Paul took off the lid which had on it "A happy Easter," in golden letters!

Inside was a large cardboard



Talking in whispers

egg freshly decorated in lovely blue and gold paint.

"Open it! Open it!" the twins shouted again, and Paul opened it.

"Oh!" he called; "oh, everybody, just look!"

There was a nest of soft hay inside, and, curled up among it, a darling little tame mouse!

"It cost tenpence!" the twins cried. "We bought it between us for Paul."

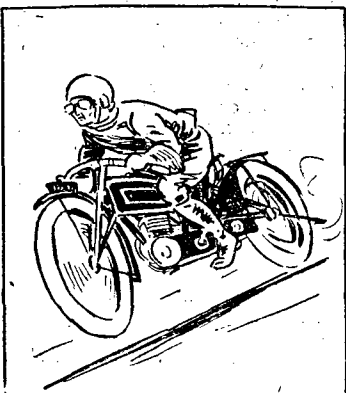
"I love it," the little boy cried, picking it up gently, and putting it against his cheek, "it's perfectly ducky."

"Mousey, you mean," said Daddy, coming round to look.

Then and Now



A hobby-horse of 1823



A motor-cycle of 1923

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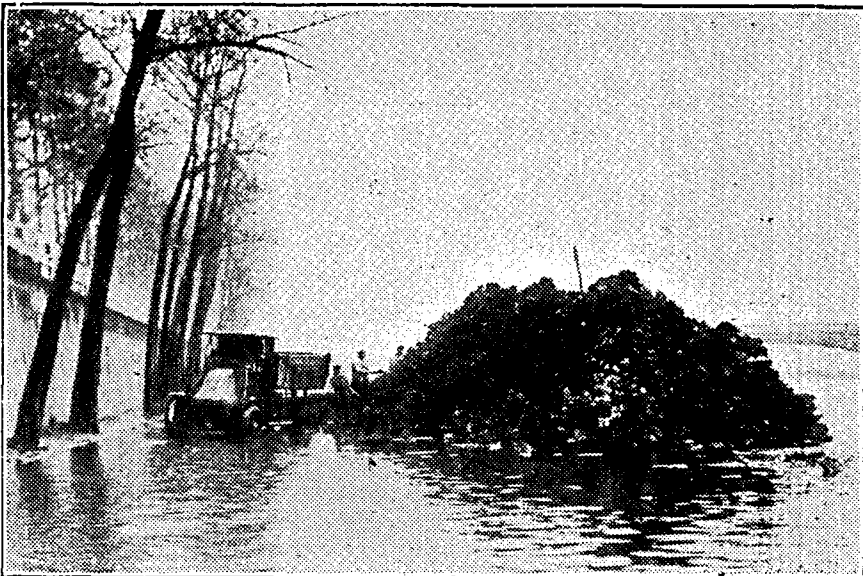
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March 31, 1923

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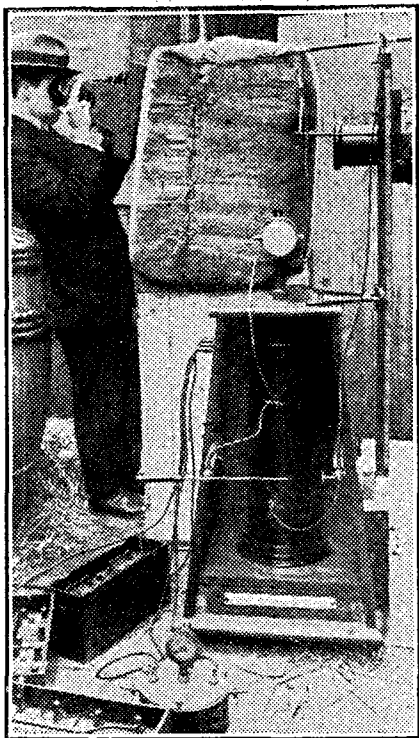
HOLDING BACK THE SEINE · GLIDING IN THE DESERT · X-RAYS AT THE DOCKS



Keeping the Seine out of Paris—Great floods have occurred in France, and Paris workmen are here seen piling up rock to keep back the rising Seine, which has done much damage



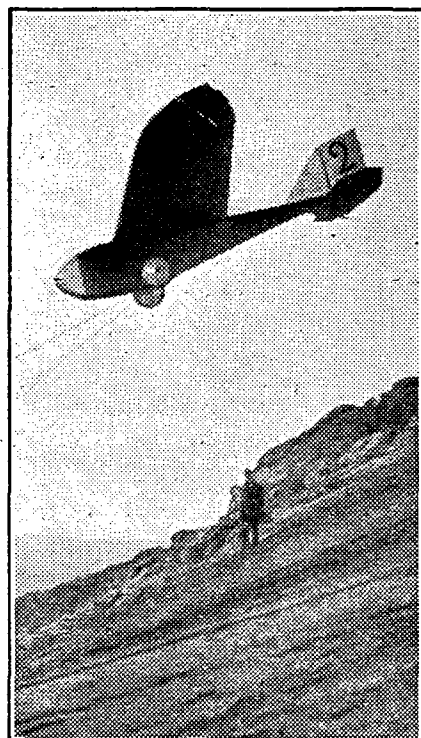
Glider that Made a Record—The world's gliding records for duration, height, and distance were recently made in Algeria by French pilots. This machine made the duration record



Searching for Contraband—The X-rays are now used for searching bales of goods to see if any contraband articles are hidden inside



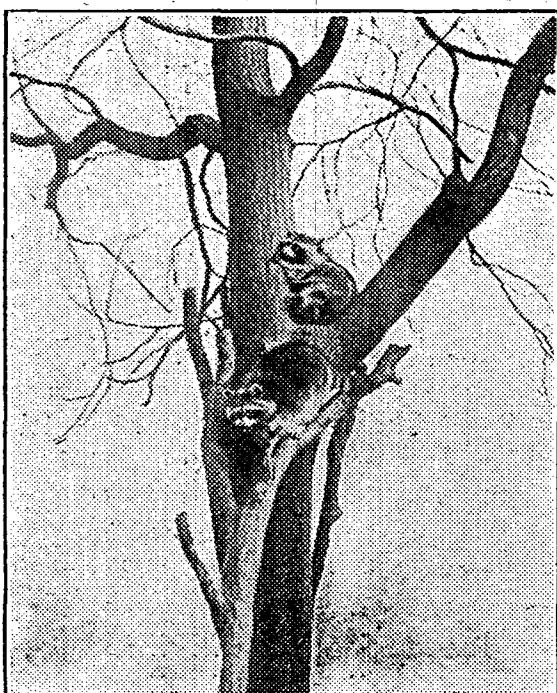
A Happy Dinner-Party in Darkest Africa—These little black boys are thoroughly enjoying themselves as they sit round the great iron pot eating their meal of rice. Piccaninnies seem to thrive on this fare, and their table does not take long to lay, for they need neither linen nor plate



Gliding in the Desert—The pilots in Algeria took advantage of the rising currents of hot air. Here the height record is being made



A Clean Sweep at Brooklands—In preparation for the motor racing at Easter the Brooklands track has been repaired, and here a sweeper is seen at work on the steep gradient



Waiting for the Spring—These raccoons at the London Zoo recently came out into the open and climbed a tree to see if spring had arrived. It was too cold and they retired



A Difficult Place for the Workman—Brooklands motor track is a difficult place for a workman, owing to the steep gradient. The men and barrows have to be hauled up by ropes

ALL THE WORLD LOVES THE C.N. MONTHLY. ASK FOR MY MAGAZINE. EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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